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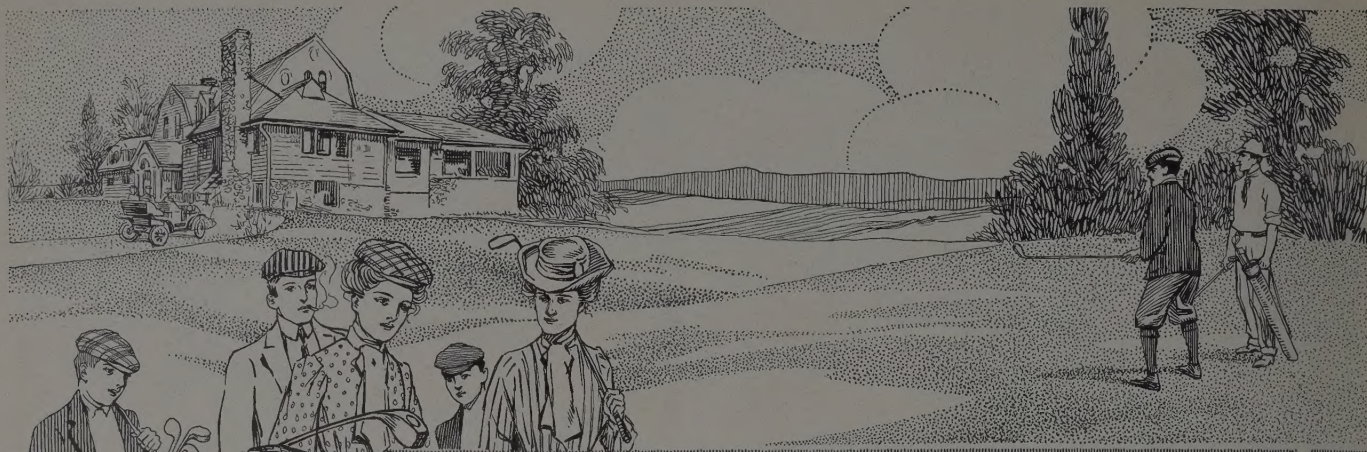
APRIL 1906

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OF DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL ART.





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Pinero's New Comedy

Arthur W. Pinero's new play, "His House in Order," has proved the most important production of the present theatrical season in London, and Charles Frohman has secured for America this successful comedy, which, it is said, Pinero wrote as a sort of compensation for his other nasty piece, "A Wife Without a Smile," which so deservedly failed. The London Stage gives the following account of the new play:

"Mr. Pinero might have used as a motto a



George Alexander and Irene Vanbrugh
 in "His House in Order"

phrase from 'The Portrait,' by 'Owen Meredith.' This poem, by the second Lord Lytton, refers to 'that sweet saint upstairs,' a beautiful young wife, who, when lying dead, is found to have deceived not only her loving husband, but also his bosom friend, in favor of 'the pale young priest.' Such a paragon of all the virtues—soft-voiced, of gentle manner, a perfect manageress, irresistible in her empery, admirably fitted to keep a man's 'House in Order'—had been Annabel Mary (née Ridgeley), for nine years wife of Filmer Jesson, M.P., in whose memory that rising member was giving a park to the local public. The discovery of the saintly Annabel's long-sustained perfidy, hidden under a mask of ingenuous candor, and the final rehabilitation of her much-bullied successor, Nina, a clergyman's orphan and a poor governess when Filmer married her, form the leading motives of as fine an example of 'the well-made play' as has been given to the English stage for years. Nina Graham had come to Overbury Towers as governess to little Derek, now eight, who had been a child of five when his mother met her death in a terrible carriage accident, that happened the day after the receipt of the last in a series of letters from Major Maurewarde. The Major must have betrayed Annabel early in her married life; and, mistress of method and system as she was in all that pertains to the keeping of a man's 'House in Order,' she had neglected unaccountably to destroy these compromising missives, which are unwittingly brought to light by her own child. Ruling her husband with a velvet glove and idolized by her unspeakably narrow-minded parents, Sir Daniel, a self-made colliery proprietor, and Lady Ridgeley, her boorish brother Pryce, and her 'glacial' sister Geraldine, who had been summoned back by Filmer to put things right again after his second marriage, the immaculate and eminently virtuous Annabel had had her blessed memory kept so green that her perfections were constantly being extolled to the depreciation of the careless, untidy, dog-loving, cigarette-smoking, generally snubbed Nina. The breach between husband and wife seems almost irreparable. Derek comes in to finish a letter he has been writing to his beloved 'Maury,' and happens to bring with him a little handbag. He had found it beneath some loose planks in the flooring of a cupboard in her mother's boudoir, and so it must have been hers. As the child goes on writing Nina tries to open the bag, and, behold! it contains most compromising letters from the Major to Annabel, written in terms that admit of no doubt of their mutual guilt, and the last, written the day before the accident, being a frenzied appeal to Annabel to come away with him and 'our child.' The second wife's head swims as she reads these damning epistles, and, hearing Hilary in the hall, she calls him in, explains that the blameless Annabel was nothing but 'Maurewarde's woman,' and places the letters in the diplomatist's hands. Hilary's incredulity and indignation, soon turn to horror, and in the remainder of a long *scène à deux*, which is one of Mr. Pinero's masterpieces, he endeavors to divert Nina from her expressed intention of making a copy of the letters for Geraldine, and thus holding her in thrall and punishing her for the persecution she has inflicted.

This



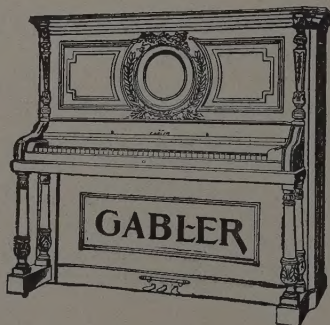
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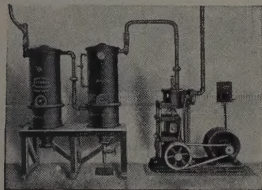
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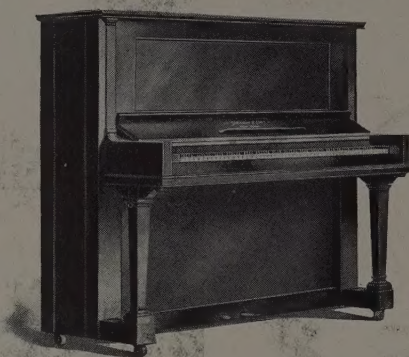
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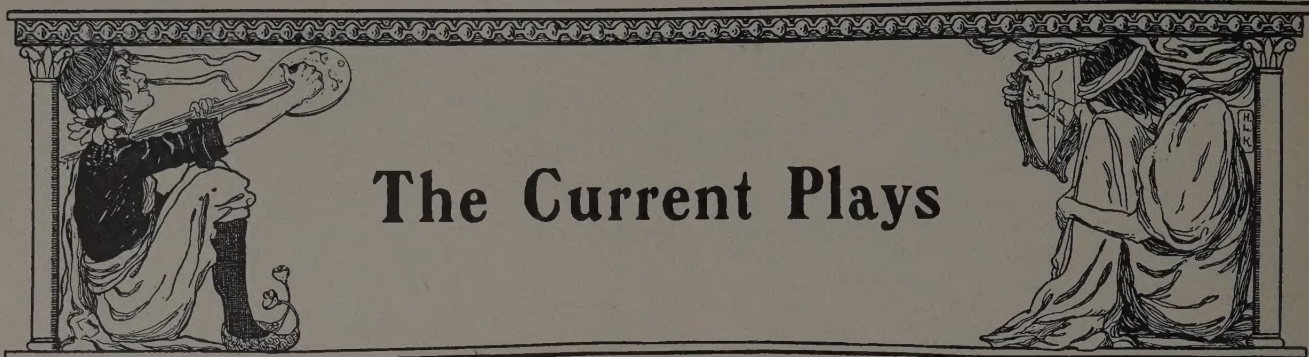
VOL. VI., No. 62

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1906

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



FRANCIS WILSON AS MONTAGUE SIBSEY IN "THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBER"



The Current Plays

CRITERION. "THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBER." Farce in 3 acts by C. Kraatz and M. Neal. Produced March 13 with this cast:

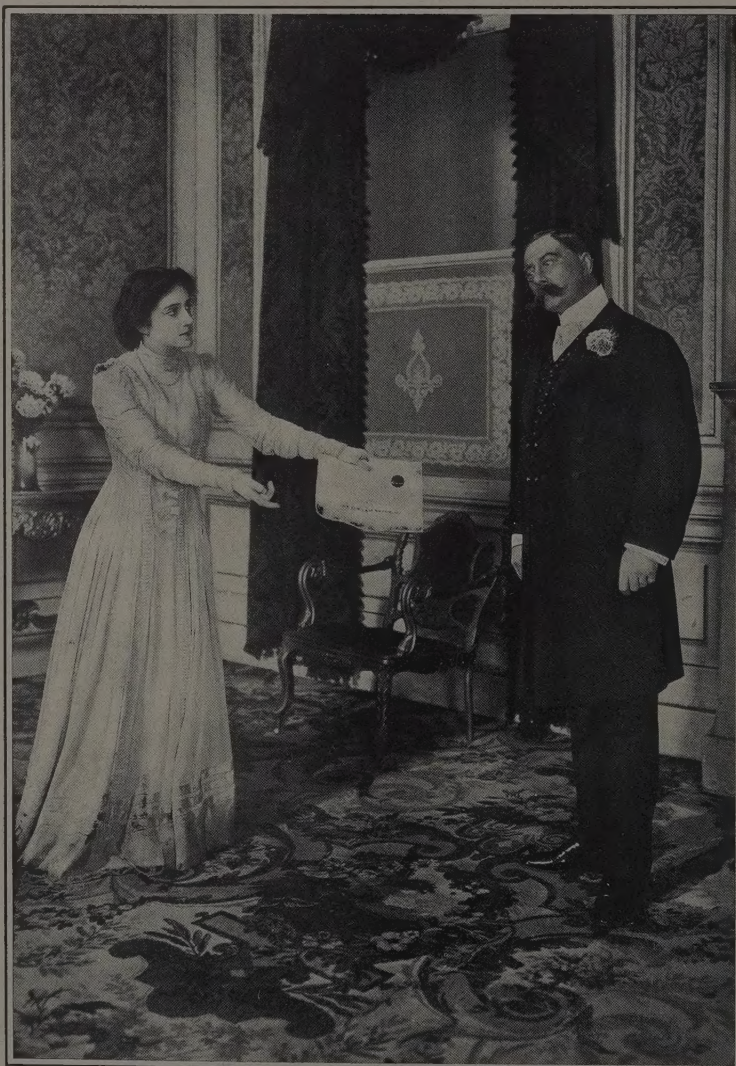
Montague Sibsey, Francis Wilson; Samuel Midgham, Joseph Allen; Dr. Charles Midgham, George S. Spencer; Arthur Lydbrook, William Lewers; Sidney Ketton, Sidney Rice; Watson Frimley, Grant Mitchell; Oscar Rheinthal, Joseph Brennen; Sepp Rheinthal, Harrison Armstrong; Toni, Herbert Marlon; Otto Jones, Charles J. Greene; Mrs. Montague Sibsey, May Robson; Alice, Edith Barker; Betty, Ellen Mortimer; Lena, Angela Keir; Mary, Elsa Garrett.

This farce from the German, in which Francis Wilson disports himself with unflagging drollery and humor, is a complete entertainment of its kind, and any criticism of a reproving kind would be hypercriticism. What matters it that some of the consistencies of character and incident and relationship, as they existed in the original play by Kraatz and Neal, have been modified or even lost? The inconsistencies would be still greater if the present company attempted to produce it with German characteristics. Mr. Wilson's humor is American. He is not a German subject. He has added to the farce more than he has eliminated from it. He has provided true equivalents for everything that he has modified. He and his stage manager and his associates have built up the play to an extent that perhaps leaves no room for a single additional point. The play is compact with laughter. An example of the American originality of device applied to it is the closing scene. Mr. Wilson, as Montague Sibsey, had surmounted all the difficulties imposed upon him by a plot and action full of movement. A serenade outside had begun. The stage was darkened for a moment. Then, with a quick change, the audience saw directly in front of them the exterior of the house, with the characters bowing and smiling and laughing and waving handkerchiefs at their friends—the serenaders if you please, the audience if you will.

The plot is simple, the complications infinite. Montague Sibsey has spent much of his time in Paris away from his family. He has written enthusiastic letters to his wife describing his mountain climbing. These letters being copied from a publication not his own, he is confronted with the time of his life when, on his return home, his wife formally presents him with a beautifully bound

book of travels, intended as an agreeable surprise to him, his own letters in book form. May Robson, as the wife, contributed a deliciously droll character to the play. Neal never dreamed of her; Kraatz never imagined her. Kraatz would have recognized the incidents in which she figured; Neal would have acknowledged the outline. But it was Miss May Robson's Mrs. Montague Sibsey. The opulence of her stride, the slight wobble that proclaimed her self-esteem, the sincerity of her desire to make her present husband even a more distinguished public character than her first, her ever-growing devotion to the man she had made, with many other points, established a new high-water mark for her exceptional powers of fine comedy. Her acting was more in the nature of comedy; Francis Wilson's more in the nature of farce; in fact, it was all farce. He had to be a prodigy of a liar to extricate himself, but he certainly did things. It was not without toil and sweat that he got through. To recount his troubles with the photographer whose dreadful camera he sought to avoid; to tell of the dangers he passed in encountering the real author

of the book; to follow him to the mountain inn at which his ghost appeared; and to attempt to indicate all the sinuosities of the lively two-step progress he was forced to make through the action, would be to make a moving picture by means of type. The whole thing is as amusing as it is impossible, as laughable as it is pure foolery. Even Herr Kraatz would have enjoyed it. Mr. Neal would have marvelled at the audacity of American stagecraft.



MIRIAM NESBITT AND LAWRENCE D'ORSAY IN "THE EMBASSY BALL"

DALY'S. "THE EMBASSY BALL." Comedy by A. Thomas. Produced March 5. Cast:

Captain Hawarden-Kellie, Lawrance D'Orsay; Senator Bender, George Clark; Thomas Jarrett, Forrest Robinson; John Wetherell, Walter Hitchcock; Eugene Lewis, Harold Heaton; Daniel, George Grimes; Bell-Boy, William Pickens; Madge Bender, Miriam Nesbitt; Mrs. Bender, Marion Barney; Emily Jarrett, Rose Hubbard.

"The Embassy Ball" is said to be an entirely rewritten version of a comedy of that title presented earlier in the season with questionable results. If Augustus Thomas is really jealous of his reputation as one of America's leading playwrights, he will withdraw it again and either rewrite it for

a third time or put it indefinitely on the shelf. Following on the tenuous "De Lancey," it does not speak well for the present status of Mr. Thomas' histrionic muse. "The Embassy Ball" is tedious twaddle, utterly unworthy of the author of "The Earl of Pawtucket." Lawrance D'Orsay is the star. Identified exclusively with the heavy Englishman of the drawling "haw-haw" type, his present rôle, Captain the Hon. Hawarden-Kellie, is merely a replica of the innumerable characters of the same kind he has previously played, save that the present "silly ass" is now moving in an environment that is atrociously stupid. Released from one matrimonial engagement only to plunge into two others at the same time is the main idea of the piece. There is no mechanical ingenuity in the construction, and the dialogue—occasionally there is a trenchant line—is in the main heavy and explanatory. Why three sane women should ever have evinced a sentimental interest in this attaché of the English Embassy at Washington is one of those things no one can understand. An idiot who cannot even remember his fiancée's name is better fitted for the fetters of an asylum than the yoke of matrimony. It is heavy fooling at the best, and D'Orsay enacts his rôle with an exaggeration, hopelessly at variance with any semblance of reality. George Clarke, once more back on his old stamping ground, is the exponent of a U. S. Senator from Oregon, a conventional stage figure, who has married his typewriter to the displeasure of his relatives and daughter. Mr. Clarke plays with unction and secures some laughs by the authority of his comic touch. As another Senator, Forrest Robinson plays with decorous effect, but the two walking gentlemen, respectively personated by Walter Hitchcock and Harold Heaton, are made even more stupid by the affectations of the two young men in question. Some colored servants by themselves are capable. Senator Bender's typewriter wife is breezily sketched by Marion Barney, and in the rôle of the daughter, Miriam Nesbitt is not without personal charm. Emily Jarrett, a lay figure by Rose Hubbard, and Mrs. Wetherell, an equally uninteresting personage by Ida Darling, complete a cast as perfectly uninteresting as it is commonplace. "The Embassy Ball" will never do. Mr. Thomas owes it to himself to give us something better.

MADISON SQUARE. "THE TITLE MART." Anglo-American comedy by Winston Churchill. Produced Feb. 19 with this cast:

The Marquis of Tredbury, Frank Gilmore; Reginald Barking, M.P., Arthur Hare; Mr. John Blackwell, Sam Edwards; Mr. Lawrence Pepys, Murray Cason; Roy Clarkson, Frederic Sumner; Hiram Peters, Sam Reed; Ezra Swazey, A. D. Wilks; Tilden, George S. Stevens; A. Butler, Martin Henry; A. Footman, F. B. Hersome; Second Footman, L. Phipps; Edith Blackwell, Dorothy Revell; Mrs. Blackwell, Follott Paget; Lady Marjory Ticknor, May Pardoe.

This piece, presented in a revised form a few nights after its first production, showed such improvements as would have saved it from some of the adversities of its first night. Something yet remains to be done, but the second and third acts now contain many scenes of true comic force. A farce is measured by the amount of laughter it produces. It must be continuously funny. It lives only in a rarified and intoxicating atmosphere. Technically, it must have perfect mechanism. For a new American writer to begin with farce is to invite the kick that hurts, because apologies do not accompany it. A play in the nature of farce must be technically perfect, and this implies that it must be absolutely clear. Mr. Churchill, judging solely from certain passages in "The Title Mart," has humor; but he lacked the art to make clear in the first act the conditions of the action. He does not make fact of the circumstances. The reasonableness of a young English lord's conduct in suggesting or permitting a prosperous English tradesman's son to change identities with him is not demonstrated. To suggest the means of remedying this defect would require one to enter into details, details that would have to be discovered. The very process of playwriting is to get the what and then the how. The theory of the first act is all right, but the execution is all wrong. Besides, the devices are all very old. This is true, but it does not disparage much original observation in the field of his material. At the same time, it is plain that the author has not yet a firm hold on the distinctions



LAWRANCE D'ORSAY IN "THE EMBASSY BALL"

in the forms of drama. At one time it is farce, at another comedy, and then again satire. For the most part the solutions are so obvious that very often the action is destroyed. The gist of the story is that a real nobleman is mistaken for a tradesman's son. The mother is title-mad; but the girl knows all the while who the young man is. In its present form the play deserves such praise as we have given it, and it is altogether possible that it may be developed into a diverting farce of continuous movement. Frank Gillmore, as the young nobleman, is excellent, Miss Ffolliott Paget, as the title-seeking mother, is as effective as could be desired.

LIBERTY. "THE REDSKIN."

Play in 4 acts by Donald MacLaren. Produced March 1. Cast:

Lonawanda, Tyrone Power; Sheanagua, Albert Bruening; Cagawicka, Lionel Adams; Gangwar, Leonard Barry; Wangosh, Escamilo Fernandez; The Medicine-Man, J. O. Le Brasse; Matawaggon, Claude Brooke; Niatawa, Edwin Arden; Adulola, Katherine Grey; Lashota, Bijou Fernandez; Tana-Mongosh, Alice Leigh; Fawn, Marion Chapman; Ockotchee Maidens, Laura Lemmers, Margaret Kenmare; An Old Woman, Avonia Eldridge.

William A. Brady is not the only manager who desires that Metropolitan dramatic criticism be regarded as a serious responsibility and treated accordingly. But Mr. Brady weakens his cause when he makes "The Redskin" the subject of his crusade for a betterment of conditions. Mr. Donald MacLaren's drama is openly vulnerable to critical attack. It is an earnest effort, well and carefully written; some lines breathe the spirit of true poetry, but it has a number of technical faults, and it furthermore requires that its audiences shall be perfectly attuned to its idea; otherwise much



GEO. M. COHAN AND ETHEL LEVEY IN "GEORGE WASHINGTON, JR"

of it will seem better adapted to the enthusiasm of imaginative youth than to the thoughtful consideration of sophisticated theatre-goers. Human motives are the same the world over, and yet it is hard not to realize that the story of "The Redskin" smacks more of the complications growing out of civilized conditions than those of a primeval era. In other words, it suggests in spirit a Sardou drama of the Renaissance period dressed up in feathers, war-paint and skins. Acted with less thoroughness and sincerity, its place would surely be on the boards of the popular-priced theatres. The stoicism of the Indian is proverbial, but all writers who have made him a stage picture, from Metamora and the Jibbenainosay down, have pictured him as giving voice to his sentiments in rolling periods and high-graced metaphor.

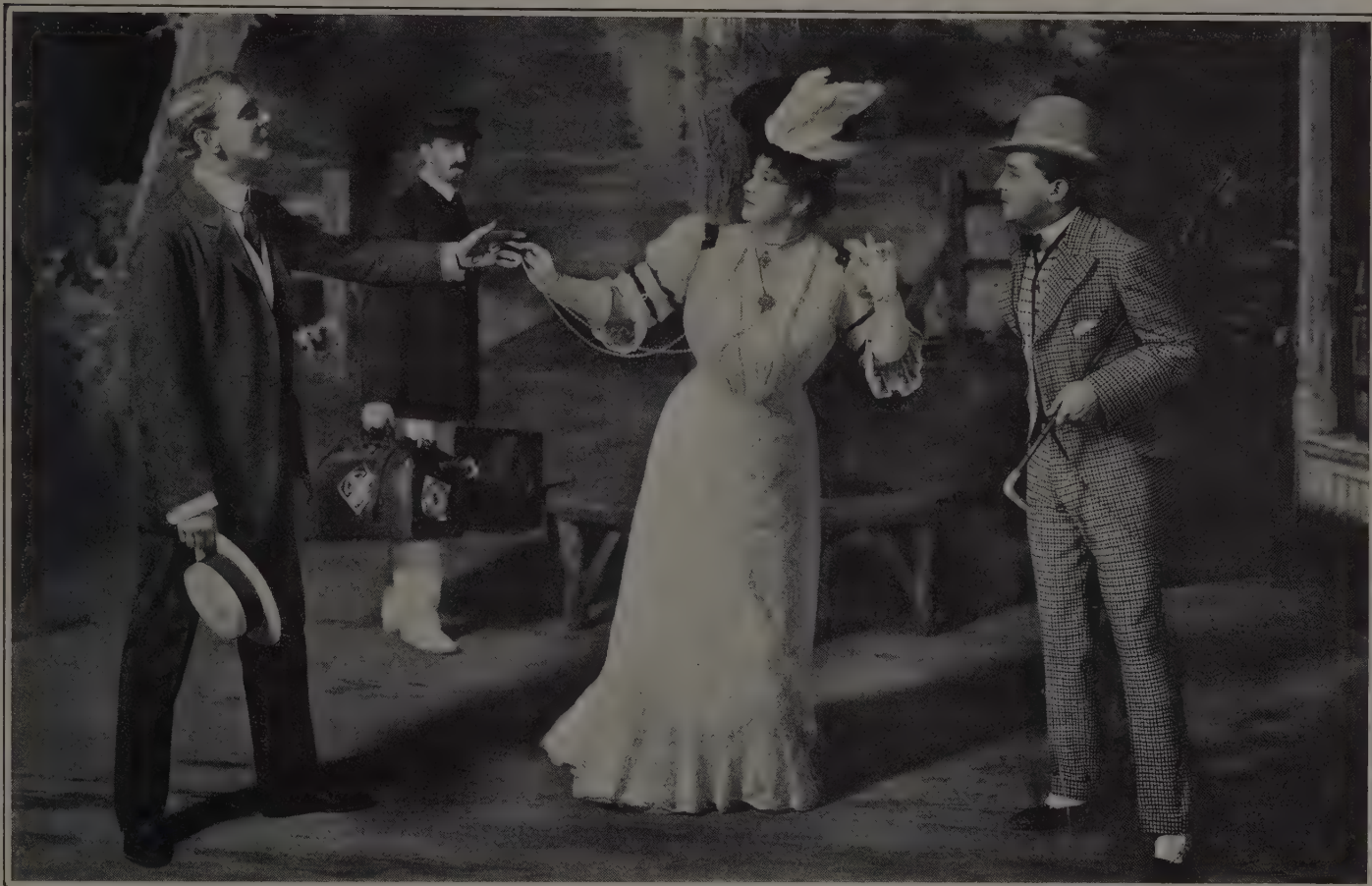
Mr. MacLaren has resorted to the same method, and, be it said, has couched his language with a nice sense of the requirements of the trained ear. His lines flow freely and are terse and vigorous in their expression of sentiment and passion. The movement halts at times and the progressions seem abrupt; but however prettily symbolic the closing scenes of his epilogue are—and his fourth act is that and nothing more—it is distinctly anti-climacteric. "His only love sprung from his only hate" is the theme of the drama, with a tragic conclusion almost akin to that of "Romeo and Juliet."

Mr. Brady has provided a beautiful setting—not always well



lighted—and a company of superior excellence. Tyrone Power presents a noble and impressive figure as the blind Lonawanda, reads with fine sonority and feeling and acts with discreet power. Albert Bruening as Sheanaugua, whose errant wife precipitates most of the trouble, is well within the picture, and the harassed hero, Niatawa, loved by the daughter of Lonawanda, who slew his crippled father, and pursued by Lashota, who should have known better, is acted with fiery and picturesque dash by Edwin Arden. Katherine Grey enacts Adulola, the chieftain's daughter, on whose birth suspicion has been cast. Her work is marked by a quiet intensity and variety that tells, while Sheanaugua's faithless squaw, Lashota, was portrayed with vivid emphasis by Bijou Fernandez. The ten Sioux Indians from the

pens out of view of the audience, but at the same time is graphically described by the entire dramatis personæ. Of course, Harvard wins because Brown, the substitute, leaps into the breach and valiantly strokes the crew across the winning line. The cause, however, which helps the villain to apparent victory is somewhat stronger than is usually employed in pieces of its kind. The stroke oar's sister, a student at Radcliffe, has been betrayed, and suspicion is directed against Brown, which, of course, means that he is violently misunderstood by the young woman to whom he is paying his addresses. The fact that it is her own brother who is the one at fault places Brown in an unenviable light, always an effective theatrical situation. This underplot jars, perhaps, a trifle amid such cheerful surroundings, but the sordidness



Frank Gillmore

Ffolliott Paget

Arthur Hare

SCENE IN WINSTON CHURCHILL'S COMEDY, "THE TITLE MART," AT THE MADISON SQUARE THEATRE

Rosebud Agency impart a touch of local color to the torture scene, and there is a Ghost Dance, said to be the real thing.

PRINCESS. "BROWN OF HARVARD." Play in 4 acts by Rida Johnson Young. Produced Feb. 26 with this cast:

Tom Brown, Henry Woodruff; Gerald Thorne, Albert Perry; Wilton Ames, Walter Thomas; Claxton Maddern, Howard Estabrook; John Cartright, Douglas J. Wood; "Tubby" Anderson, Arthur Shaw; "Happy" Thurston, William Rosell; Walter Barnard, Joseph H. Graybill; Warren Pierce, G. Haven Peabody; Thompson Coyne, Mason Terry; "Bud" Hall, Robt. Stowe Gill; Victor Colton, Theodore Friebe; George Selwyn, James Keating; James Van Rensselaer, William Resman Andrews; Welby Hodges, Homer Bassford; Arthur Blake, Barry Mantle; Austin Latchow, George Gerald; Schneider, Fred Thorne; Codrington, Daniel Pennell; Ellis, Richard Ridgely; Old Clothes Man, Louis La Bay; Door-keeper, Howard Huselton; Oke, By Himself; Mrs. Ames, Kate Lester; Evelyn Ames, Laura Hope Crews; Marian Thorne, Catharine Calhoun; Edith Sinclair, Ethel Martin; John the Orangeman, By Himself.

The joyousness of exuberant youth has been happily dramatized by Rider Johnson Young in "Brown of Harvard," and, unless outward signs should fail, Henry Woodruff's stellar career has started in with every indication of lasting favor. His play depicting undergraduate life at Cambridge has much to commend it for its fresh and accurate character drawing and the breezy naturalness of the dialogue. Like all pieces of its kind, the moving motive is the struggle for athletic supremacy. Of course, the machinations of the villain remove a shining and imperative factor in Harvard victory just on the eve of a great contest—this time it is aquatic—and again the nerve-splitting event hap-

is not unduly accentuated and the bustle, life and animation of the play easily prevail. It is in the little truthful touches of student life that Mrs. Young, herself a college-bred woman, is happiest. The title rôle is conventional, the epitome of all the virtues and long-suffering and self-sacrificing as well, but there are other types projected that are vital, true and satisfying. The earnest youth working his way through college, the gilded youth who finds study a bore, and the "Tubbys" and "Happys," without which no regulated class is complete, are capital figures from life.

Mr. Woodruff is always a trifle self-conscious, and this latest creation of his does not find him without this failing. But, a Harvard graduate himself, he nevertheless plays the part with refreshing earnestness and injects into his acting plenty of the real youthful enthusiasm that carries well over the footlights. As a matinée favorite, "Brown of Harvard" will give his vogue a new impetus. A peculiarly finished example of simple and unaffected acting is furnished by Howard Estabrook, and a true note of sustained dramatic force is struck by Albert Perry as the injured one's brother. There was real Southern atmosphere in his assumption. The materialistic stupidity of "Tubby" Ander-

(Continued on page xiii.)



Photos Hall

Tyrone Power as Lonawanda



Katherine Grey as Adulola

LEADING CHARACTERS IN DONALD MACLAREN'S INDIAN PLAY, "THE REDSKIN"

Is Mr. Mansfield to Direct the "New Theatre"?

HAS the New Theatre Association, which is headed by Cornelius and W. K. Vanderbilt, John Jacob Astor, George J. Gould, J. Pierpont Morgan, August Belmont, J. Henry Smith, and others, selected Richard Mansfield to direct the magnificent new playhouse which they will build shortly in New York City? It is significant that the date of Mr. Mansfield's retirement as an actor—three years hence—coincides with the date when it is expected that the "New Theatre" will be finished. It is also well known that Mr. Mansfield, in common with others, has long coveted the prize which such an appointment would mean. In a communication made recently to the *New York Sun* by Mr. Charles T. Barney, one of the organizers of the New Theatre Association, it was distinctly stated that no director had as yet been decided upon, but that the best man available would be selected. It is difficult, however, to reconcile this statement with the fact that all the official news regarding this important enterprise is given out at the Metropolitan Opera House, and by one of Mr. Conried's personal representatives. It would seem hardly possible that Mr. Conried—to whom the appointment to the directorship of such a theatre is as dear as the apple of his eye—would permit his own office to be used to further a rival's interest.

Certainly Mr. Mansfield, who is one of the most distinguished and successful among living American actors, should make an excellent director for such a theatre. A scholar himself, with considerable literary achievements already to his credit, it is likely that our American Molière would at once create for the

new theatre a fine literary standard, while his experience and great ability as an actor should enable him to organize a stock company of such all-round excellence and homogeneity that this city has not enjoyed since the days of Lester Wallack. So far as his equipment for the post goes, Mr. Mansfield would be the ideal man.

Whether, however, Mr. Mansfield's temperament would allow him to exercise that patience and forbearance which the director of such a theatre must have, if he is to keep his actors and obtain the best results, is another question. It is well known that Mr. Mansfield is not the easiest of men to get along with. It has been said that he is apt to be irritable and unreasonable with his subordinates. This attitude—due often to a bad digestion—would not, of course, be tolerated for an instant by players of the standing we should expect to see in the New Theatre. But if Mr. Mansfield will bury his little eccentricities and bring to his post only his great talent, his would be a welcome appointment and one that would give promise that the fine ideals of the founders would be realized.

Among the reasons given by Mr. Mansfield for his retirement are the following:

"For many years I have expended all my physical and intellectual energies on my stage work. My endurance is gradually weakening under the strain. There is no prospect of anything resembling rest unless I drop the work entirely. This I shall do after completing three more tours. That will leave me to begin the year 1910 in my own way. That I shall not abate my industry during the closing years of my stage life, I also wish to state. I am wearied beyond measure. Body and mind demand rest."

Managers and Critics

FROM the beginnings of stage history, the dramatic critic has been a thorn in the side of the producing manager. The intelligent manager and the intelligent actor have welcomed criticism, admitting that it has often helped them to rectify serious mistakes, thus saving for the one his money and for the other his reputation. The unintelligent manager and the unintelligent actor resent adverse criticism of any kind and at once assume and declare that personal prejudice is behind the article that has failed to please, and from time to time the public has been treated to the edifying spectacle of open warfare, advertisements being withdrawn from newspapers, offending critics barred from theatres, etc., etc.

The intelligent manager understands that the honest, competent critic is his best friend. Criticism is at once the champion and guardian of the drama and of the art of acting. The critic is engaged in a perpetual struggle to maintain a certain well-defined standard, to expose mediocrity and encourage merit. But for criticism, all would be chaos and the stage would go to the dogs. The first duty of the critic is to keep the public informed as to the quality of the fare offered at the dramatic table d'hôte. It is often urged that the critic's opinion is only a personal opinion and worth no more than that of the first comer who possesses the \$2.00 with which to purchase a seat. This is true, and yet only half true. It is true that the critic has no divine mandate and that he expresses only his own opinion, but we must not forget that his opinion is a trained opinion. It must be clear to every intelligence that a man who has seen great players in certain rôles—such players, for example, as Booth as Hamlet, Salvini as Othello, Forrest as Lear—is better able to judge of the merits of newcomers in these rôles than the man who has never had the opportunity of seeing the greater players. It is the same with plays. The critic is, or is supposed to be, familiar with the great classics of the drama—plays whose intrinsic merit have made them immortal, and in reviewing modern pieces he judges them more or less according to the standard set by the greater plays. This is eminently proper and the safeguard of the drama. If the opinion of "the man in the street," who is barely able to distinguish Sardou from a sardine, were as good as that of the critic, then every play done would be "a masterpiece," and every actor the "greatest ever." Question the average theatre-goer regarding a play he has seen. He will say that it is "good" or that it is "bad." He is unable to say *why* it is good or *why* it is bad. He knows only that he liked it or didn't like it. The function of the critic is to tell him why it is good or why it is bad. His duty is to present plainly to his reader, first, a clear and attractively written account of the play; secondly, to consider its ethical value and the technical skill displayed in its construction; thirdly, the impression made upon the audience; fourthly, the manner in which it is performed. This is the whole purpose of the critic, and, if he is a competent critic, there is no more entertaining and instructive reading than his comments on the current stage productions. The criticisms of the famous dramatic critics of the past have all been preserved as literature, and the theatrical reviews of our own William Winter, like those of the late Francisque Sarcey, will assuredly live beyond our day. Most of the men employed as dramatic critics by our important daily newspapers are men of scholarly attainments, sound judgment and unimpeachable integrity. There is, however, another class of critics that appear to misunderstand their duties completely, and it was, perhaps, this class, that Manager William A. Brady had in mind when he came before the curtain at the Liberty Theatre recently after the second performance of "The Redskin," and almost with tears in his eyes denounced certain newspaper critics in this town as having been unnecessarily and wantonly flippant and brutal in reviewing his



BIYOU FERNANDEZ AND EDWIN ARDEN IN "THE REDSKIN"

production. The fact that the audience appeared to side with the manager against the critics, expressing its disapproval of the latter in no uncertain way, makes of this a matter to inquire into calmly and dispassionately.

Is the present state of dramatic criticism, as practised by some writers in New York, detrimental to the best interests of the stage? Has the manager who made this sensational public pro-



Falk
HOWARD KYLE
As Mozart in "The Greater Love"

attempt to arrive at some explanation of certain vagaries of this kind of criticism.

The first and most obvious impression that one must have is that the critical pose seems to many of the writers obligatory, whereas for many plays no criticism is required. Simplicity in conveying to one's readers the pleasures of an evening, with a clear statement of the causes of it, is ample. Just and communicable enthusiasm is a precious gift. The critical pose destroys it. Did any one ever see one of these critics laugh? Was he ever known to weep? Have the rigid lines of his face ever been seen to change under any inducement? Has it ever occurred to him that criticism, true criticism, is demanded only when a false note is struck, and not before? that the only way to keep young in criticism and to be human, just as the audience is, is to be absolutely open-minded and free-hearted? We may grant that his face relaxes if a horse falls through a trap, but is the detailed record of a mishap or a criticism of a horse quite the proper thing?

If the play fails, in the opinion of this take-himself-too-seriously critic, is it necessary to so eagerly announce it the next morning in headlines appropriate only to some great catastrophe in which hundreds of lives have been lost? Is it essential to overwhelm an entire company of players with humiliation, commenting upon their personal characteristics in a way that is not decently permissible, breaking hearts as if it were one of the perquisites of a critic's life and one of his only means of deriving any enjoyment whatever from his work, although often ruining a manager's venture with the same certainty as if he had appropriated the box-office receipts? These are inhumanities and unworthy a true critic, and one single such case of absurd and unjustified cruelty should dispar the critic from his profes-

test before the curtain some ground for his complaint? Is there a certain coterie of critics in this city who are hostile on general principles to certain managers? Does this school of flippant or comic criticism differ from the criticism in other important cities in the United States? Unquestionably it does. Does it compare in dignity and authority and uniformity of truth with criticism abroad? Unquestionably it does not. We are not assuming to speak prejudicially of any individual critic, but will

sion which he has perverted. Abuse and ridicule afford easy means of notoriety. What the public wants is the truth, but truth can be exaggerated into falsity, favorable or unfavorable. Every form of literature should be entertaining, and it is particularly desirable that a criticism should be so, for they are very widely read; yet, by that reason, the responsibility of the critic, in every direction, is increased. But if the critic aims only or mainly at being humorous on his own account he falls shorter of the mark, in most cases, than he thinks. It is obvious that if a writer is looking out for himself all the time he can write his criticism in advance. It is not necessary for him to see the last act or any other act. He has only to get his theme. Whether his comic comments are based on fact or not is really of little consequence.

A correspondent, who must be something of a humorist, writing on this subject, objects to critics wearing Tuxedo coats, which, it is alleged, give them real or fancied superiority over theatre-goers less resplendently arrayed; nor does he approve of them congregating together in the lobbies between the acts, as it suggests conspiracy. He significantly adds: "The critics, at their 'chapter' meetings in full view of the admiring audience on first nights, as they pass around their bows and congratulations to one another, should at least refrain from wearing that smile which so plainly indicates that they have 'eaten the canary.'" Certainly the possession of a dress suit should not be the first qualification of a critic. He should, at least, not carry a knife instead of the club with which this particular constabulary used to be provided, and he should learn to temper justice with mercy, remembering that no witticism, no matter how clever, can justify a broken heart. The quality of New York criticism is constantly shifting. It is not the same from one year to another. It has had its period of venality, something that does not exist at the present time. It has had its waves of fine writing, of pedantry, of erudition, of hyper-criticism, of every form of partial insanity. We have had men blow in for a season whose chief concern was not to criticise, but to find occasion for something in the play to remind them of the time they met Baudelaire or Verlaine, and there has actually been a divergence of opinion very puzzling to the public.

There is nothing the matter with dramatic criticism, only some of the critics should reform their ways.



THE NEW WAY OF CLEANING A THEATRE

This picture shows the auditorium of the New York Hippodrome being cleaned out after the daily performance. The new process is a great advance over the old hand dusting method, when, it is estimated, only ten per cent of the dirt was really removed. By using the Vacuum Cleaner at least ninety per cent of the dirt is actually taken out, whereas formerly the duster only removed the dirt from one place to another. Nearly all the up-to-date playhouses have now installed a Vacuum Cleaner plant and are therefore cleaned in a far more thorough and hygienic manner.



White
HENRI DE VRIES

Henri de Vries and His Art

HENRI DE VRIES, the Dutch actor whose recent remarkable performance in "A Case of Arson," at the Madison Square Theatre, brought him at once prominently before our public, does not wish us Americans to imagine that his

equal interest Othello, Shylock, Hamlet or Richard III and next September he hopes to appear in some of these characters before American audiences.

"My characterization of Shylock," he said, "is both tragic and comic. Not that I myself make the scenes farcical or dramatic; they are such because of their situations. One celebrated German actor plays the character throughout as comedy. He declares

that Shakespeare intended it so. If Shakespeare were here for me to reason with, I might see it all comedy too; but as he is not, I do not play it so. I think the last scene, especially, is too dramatic to be played otherwise. But," he added, "no matter whom the author, what the character of the conception, there should be naturalness and simplicity."

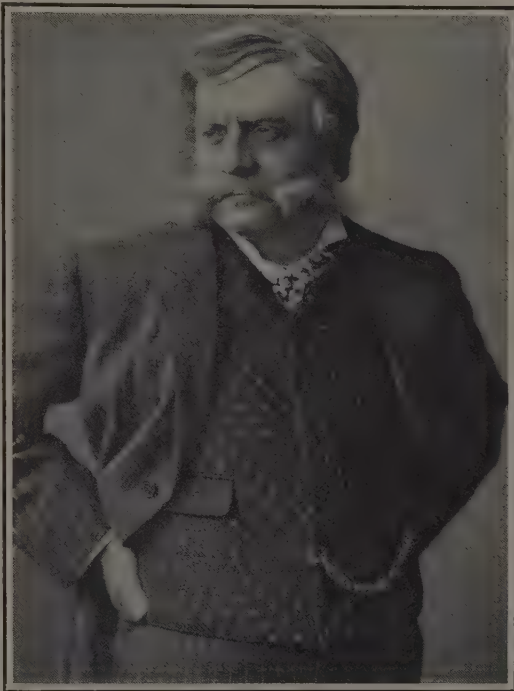
His opinion of English and American acting is that too much is made of the actor's personality—that personality is made paramount, rather than the artistic truthfulness of characterization. "Most actors," he says, "appear with smooth faces, even when the characterization of a part really requires the concealment of their own features and individuality. This, of course, is fatal to versatility."

Mr. de Vries is undoubtedly the first actor of note in the world to impersonate so many characters in a single serious drama. The one-act piece, "A Case of Arson," in which he appears as seven widely different persons, Holland's leading dramatist, Herman

virtuosity consists only in making lightening changes. His reputation rests on far sounder foundations than that. In his native Holland he has ranked for years as one of their greatest players and his repertoire is quite extensive, including Hamlet, Richard III, Othello, Shylock and other Shakespearian rôles.

He comes from an old family of thespians. His mother in her day was considered the finest actress Holland had yet produced. His father in his younger days was quite as famous an actor, and at the age of sixty-five still occasionally plays, and also directs the plays which are given at the leading theatre of Rotterdam. Mr. de Vries also has a sister who is starring in the Dutch Indies, and his grand parents, as far back as he can remember, were all actors.

Henri de Vries was born at Rotterdam and received his schooling there and at Amsterdam. When a boy he studied singing to develop his speaking voice. He thinks that voice culture is of much assistance to the actor and advises all stage aspirants to pay



AS LECHAT IN "BUSINESS IS BUSINESS"

attention to their voice. "I went on the stage when I was sixteen," said Mr. de Vries, to a THEATRE MAGAZINE representative, "and I began playing under the management of my own father. For a year he gave me very, very small parts to play. I had all the tiresome part of the business to go through. Sometimes he would make me play two or three bits and 'walk on,' all in one play—to break me in and to gain experience in playing various characters."

Mr. de Vries has appeared in the Netherlands in an extensive repertoire of standard French plays, Shakespearian rôles, and plays by the best of Holland's playwrights. He says he has no favorite rôles, but admits he is always restless to change from one part to another. He plays with

was written for him by Heyermans; but the idea of the play—the court scene and the many types that come before a magistrate—originated with the actor.

"I went to Heyermans," he said, "and asked him if he would write me a play in which I could impersonate several parts. I told him that I wanted a drama, not a farce. Heyermans replied that he could not do it without making nonsense of it. I knew it would be very difficult to write such a play with a serious or psychological plot, but I gave him the idea I had in mind, asked him to think it over and do the best he could for me."

The result of the conference was "A Case of Arson," in which Mr. de Vries appeared one hundred and thirty times in his own small country. He has played in English



AS A GERMAN OFFICER



AS PETRUCHIO

only one year and, considering that fact, his command of our language is remarkable. He had long had the ambition to play in a language other than his native tongue, and after the success of "A Case of Arson" in Holland, he concluded it would be a good vehicle in which to appear in other countries. He decided to study English as it is the most universally spoken and a knowledge of it would make it possible for him to play in almost any part of the world. He went to London first, however, and gave one performance in Dutch. The press was unanimous in its praise, and Mr. de Vries later appeared in English, playing "A Case of Arson" for the best part of the past year at the leading London theatres.

The seven distinct types which he impersonates in this powerful little drama are almost wholly the expression of his art of characterization. During his marvelously quick changes there is, even with the assistance of two dressers, only a moment's time for another wig and coat, and, for some of the impersonations, the putting on of a false nose. Not an additional line of "make-up" does he use, the wonderful characterizations being due to his facial expression, to his change of stature, voice and dialect, and, above all, to his interpretation of the soul of each character.

In both manner and conversation this actor is genial and frank. He possesses the nervous temperament that is always a part of the highly artistic nature. One remarks, too, the decided forcefulness of his movements and his speech, linked with that delightful courtesy usual with most foreigners. After seeing his characterizations of both short and slight men, it will be difficult for many to believe that off the stage Mr. de Vries is not far from the six-foot mark, is broad of shoulders and heavily built. He has a decidedly intellectual brow, the full artistic eye, and a fascinating smile that appears but rarely, and is, for that very reason, the more pleasing.

He has attained his distinction at an unusually early age, for he is only just past thirty-five. His ability is not alone inherited, but the result of twenty years of constant study and acting. Throughout his dramatic career Mr. de Vries has continued his interest in music. He has a fine baritone voice and plays both the piano and the violin.

Mrs. de Vries, who is an English woman, is an actress known professionally as Dorothy Drake. Her first appearance in New York was in "The Braisley Diamond."

GRACE WHITWORTH.

Abraham Lincoln on the Stage

ACCORDING to report, Benjamin Chapin is meeting with considerable success in other cities in a play entitled "Lincoln" in which he impersonates the martyr president. If this presentation of a great historical figure is really as notable an achievement as claimed it should attract wide attention for its very novelty, all previous attempts of the kind having failed, at least as far as our stage is concerned.

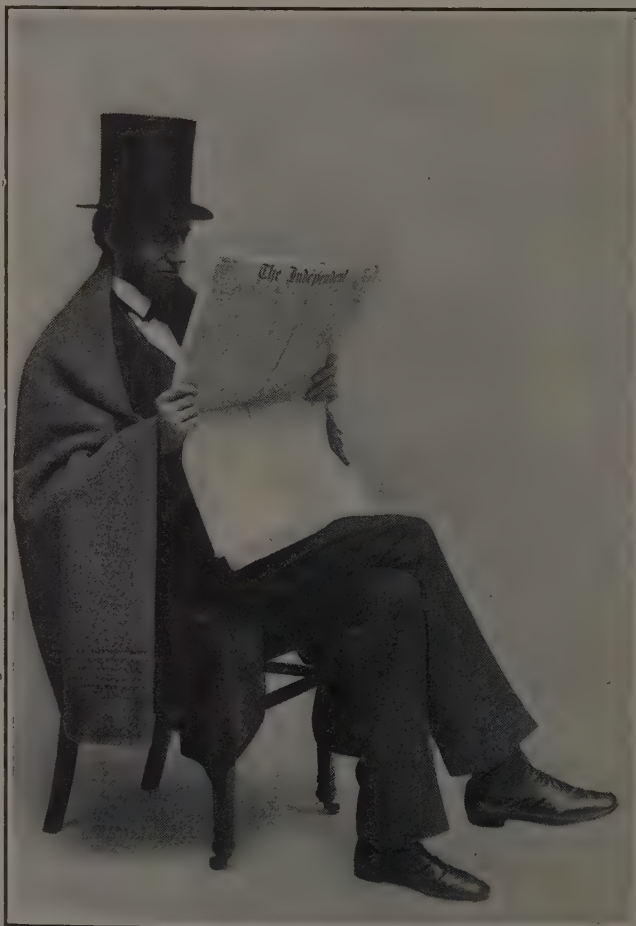
The restraint and awkwardness with which our dramatists and actors have heretofore handled historical characters is one of the absurdities and curiosities of dramatic literature. A real, human, full-blooded George Washington, for example, has never been seen on our stage, yet surely he is a figure to which the drama is entitled. Literature in every form has concerned itself with him. The painter and the sculptor have delivered to us final records. Only the stage lags behind, whereas the drama is the most potent solvent in the world, reestablishing, during the moment of action, the past, and giving life, more actual than it is possible in any other art, to those who have figured in history. Much of that actual life was private and the details of its happiness and experiences are lost in the limbo of time; but the fabled part of a drama about such a man may be as true as that which is of record. The dramatic art can make the illusion of reality more complete than any other art. It is devoted to truth, beauty, character, sentiment or whatever else it is desired to preserve. The dramatist not in full possession of his craft imagines needless necessities and difficulties.

He may imagine that a complete action can not be presented without the complete life. He does not realize the vast distinction between biography or history and drama. Given a complete action in which Washington should be the central and ever present figure why should Valley Forge necessarily be a part of it? What would his Farewell Message have to do with one of his early love affairs? Would he be less human or more human if all the rest of his life were left out of the account? Scores of futile

plays have been written about Napoleon which have included every striking point in a crowded life from the time of his military apprenticeship to his death at St. Helena. In "Madame Sans-Gêne" the proper and only method was shown. The material contained a complete action, and that action was concentrated upon a limited field. Shakespeare had no difficulty in presenting historical figures.

One constraint upon the dramatist is perhaps the false dictum that time must elapse before the historical character can be viewed and presented in his proper proportion. But who can tell when the final historical verdict will be reached, or the point of view of each succeeding generation? No, the generation nearest the historical figure has its rights, and the dramatist cannot too soon begin his contribution. Well written plays of the kind need not wait upon history, or painting, or statuary. Let fable, if need be, begin at once. It may embalm love and veneration in its truest form. Its veracity may be stronger than that of later generations. The usual method of drama-

(Continued on page xii.)



Sarony

BENJAMIN CHAPIN AS ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The play "Lincoln," which will be seen shortly in New York, is a development of an impersonation of the great president that Mr. Chapin has been presenting in lyceum and church entertainments for several years. The above photograph of Mr. Chapin is often taken for an original of Lincoln

Our leading players all had to travel the hard road of adversity. The fittest have survived the ordeal; the incompetents fell by the way. In this series, actors and

My Beginnings

By VIOLA ALLEN

actresses, now famous, will themselves tell each month how they worked humbly and patiently in obscurity, without money, often without enough to eat, before success came.

MY going upon the stage was regarded in the light of a family joke. It also partook of the nature of an accident.

My father, C. Leslie Allen, created and was playing Old Rogers in "Esmeralda," at the Madison Square Theatre. It had been a tremendous success and there was a prospect of a half dozen duplicate companies being organized to tour the country the next season. I remember that Daniel Frohman was the manager of the house, which was then owned by the Mallory family, who published *The Churchman*. Dr. Mallory, passing through the green room of the theatre, overheard father in conversation with Mrs. Agnes Booth, one of our Boston friends, who had asked him to show her the photograph of his eldest daughter that she might refresh her memory of the family features.

"This is Viola," said Mrs. Booth.

Dr. Mallory looked at the photograph.

"What an Esmeralda," he exclaimed. "Are you going to put her on the stage?"

Father laughed. "I hadn't thought of it," he said, and laughed again. "She is still going to school."

At dinner that evening he told the story as a great joke. "Fancy Viola on the stage!" he said, and leaned back in his chair and laughed. My mother waited until his laughter had quite subsided, then said: "But I am not sure it is such a joke."

"Neither is Mallory," said father. "He made me promise to bring her to the theatre tomorrow. He wants to see her."

The result was that father, still chuckling over the joke, took me to the Madison Square Theatre next afternoon after school. William Seymour, the stage manager, handed me the part of Esmeralda and asked me to read it. The character was that of a gawky country girl and I suppose I looked the part.

At that time I had not been to the theatre ten times in my life. Born in Huntsville, Ala., and educated in a school in a suburb of Boston, a church school in Toronto and finally "finished" in a boarding school in New York, I knew almost nothing about the drama. Although my father was an actor, he was the only one of his family in the profession. He was of an old New England family made up principally of judges and soldiers. My mother was English and she brought my brothers and sister and myself up more simply than most children in American homes. In

consequence I seldom heard the theatre mentioned in the household. Father and I read a great deal of Shakespeare as part of my training in rhetoric and English literature. Yet, in spite of my lack of technique, Mr. Seymour and the others who heard me were satisfied. At least, they were well enough satisfied to arrange for me as one of the many Esmeraldas of the succeeding season. That was in March, but in July Miss Annie Russell, who was the Esmeralda of the Madison Square company, needed a rest and I followed her in the part, playing until the season closed a month later. Thus I had the unusual good fortune to make my debut in New York. The date was July 4, 1882.

It was in March of the following season, while I was playing Esmeralda in the Harlem Opera House, that Mr. John B. McCullough and his manager happened to stumble in upon the performance. Mr. McCullough thought he saw in me a pos-

sible Virginia for his *Virginius*. He came behind the scenes. I have no recollection of my deportment, but I was in a state of tremendous excitement at meeting this, the first great actor I had ever seen. That he considered me for his Virginia seemed to me as remarkable as the proposition to put me on the stage had seemed to father. But to the tragedian and his manager the matter presented itself in a serious light, and as a result of the interview, I was engaged.

In my first appearance as Virginia I appreciated the responsibility of the rôle and was frightened. I knew that I had not done well. I read the truth in the too significantly kind silence of Mr. McCullough. Not even my mother, who travelled with me, could comfort me much. I was driven in upon myself as we always are in times of grief and disappointment. I said to myself: "You must not fail. To-morrow night you will have another chance. You must redeem yourself." The next night I played the part better. I received a few words of praise, a little applause, and I took heart. Fortunately for me, we were



Viola Allen's first part, the title rôle in "Esmeralda"



Sarony

VIOLA ALLEN'S FAVORITE PICTURE



VIOLA ALLEN AND HER FATHER, LESLIE ALLEN, IN "ESMERALDA"

(Madison Square Theatre Co., 1882)

travelling and for two weeks it would have been impossible to get another Virginia. By the end of the fortnight I was giving a satisfying performance. If the dreadful first performance had been duplicated there is little doubt what would have happened as soon as we were in communication with a world that held other and more experienced Virginias. But the frowning fates had passed. I continued with Mr. McCullough as his daughter in his greatest rôle.

His répertoire included Richelieu, Othello, Ingomar, King Lear, The Gladiator, Richard III, and other classic plays. On a Thursday at four o'clock his leading lady was summoned to New York, I think by illness in the family. At any rate it was necessary for her to go and I was notified that I must play her parts. That night we were playing Virginius, so of course I was prepared, but after the performance, by drinking much black coffee, sitting up all night, and with my mother's help, I learned my rôle for the next night. It was not so difficult as it sounds, for I had stood in the wings at every performance, drinking in every word. The leading lady did not return and I remained with Mr. McCullough, in that capacity, to the end of that season, and to my great joy was re-engaged the following year. I remained with him to the end of his career.

This, alas! was destined to be cut short and the end was full of pathos and tragedy. We all felt that it was coming. Everyone in the company was nervous and apprehensive. We were waiting in the shadow of a great dread. The climax came at McVicker's Theatre a few weeks after the opening of his last season. We were playing the second act of "The Gladiator." Suddenly speech deserted Mr. McCullough. Memory flew away. Watching there in mute sympathy, we witnessed the crumbling away of greatness. What had been commanding genius became in a moment a shadow and a dream.

I had just left the stage, but from the whispers and the pale faces of those in the company who stood in the wings I knew that the tragedy had fallen. I saw Mr. McCullough being led from the stage, heard him whisper vaguely that he would go before the curtain and explain, saw them close the door of his dressing room while he mumbled strange words, and heard the curtain rung down upon the scene. My mother came to me and we went to our room to talk of it in awed whispers, as one speaks in a room of death.

We came back to New York, of course, after Mr. McCullough's breakdown. He grew a little better for a time. He used to come to see us and would say "I'm perfectly well again. We're going out in three weeks. Connor, my manager's got it all fixed. Be ready." But we made ready only for his obsequies. They occurred within the year.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett had seen me in "Virginius," and in the spring he wrote me to come to his office to talk about an engagement. He engaged me to play Mildred in "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon."

The next season I was engaged to play in répertoire with Tomasso Salvini. His great rôle was Othello and I played Desdemona. We ap-

peared at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. I played for the rest of the season with Signor Salvini.

After a few straggling engagements I joined the Boston Museum Company. There I had the opportunity to play many parts. I worked hard in that fine old stock company and gained the all-round experience I felt was nearly indispensable.

The subsequent season I was with the Joseph Jefferson-W. J. Florence-Mrs. John Drew all-star combination, playing "The Rivals." I played Lydia Languish.

In retrospect I realize, as, of course, I did not then, the value of the privilege of being in the companies of these great artists.

(Continued on page viii.)



From *The Tatler*

BEERBOHM TREE AS NERO

In the London production of Stephen Phillips' tragedy



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The gramophone used to reproduce the bugle calls of the Pretorian Guards when they are supposed to be marching on Rome. In the photograph, a bugler is seen transmitting the calls to a record in the machine



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Agonizing groans and shrieks of the tortured martyrs are realistically reproduced by the gramophone, thus economizing salaries of supers. The photograph shows a stage crowd making the record

NOVEL EFFECTS USED BY BEERBOHM TREE IN HIS LONDON PRODUCTION OF STEPHEN PHILLIPS' TRAGEDY "NERO"



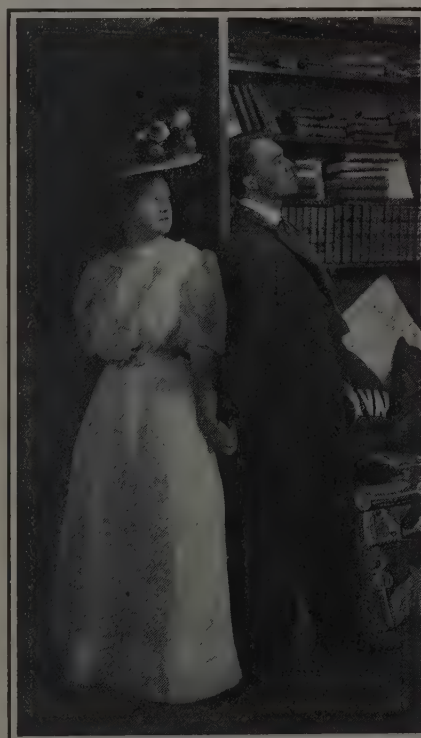
Tom Brown (Henry Woodruff)

Climax of Act I. Tom: "Wake up little Nemo!"

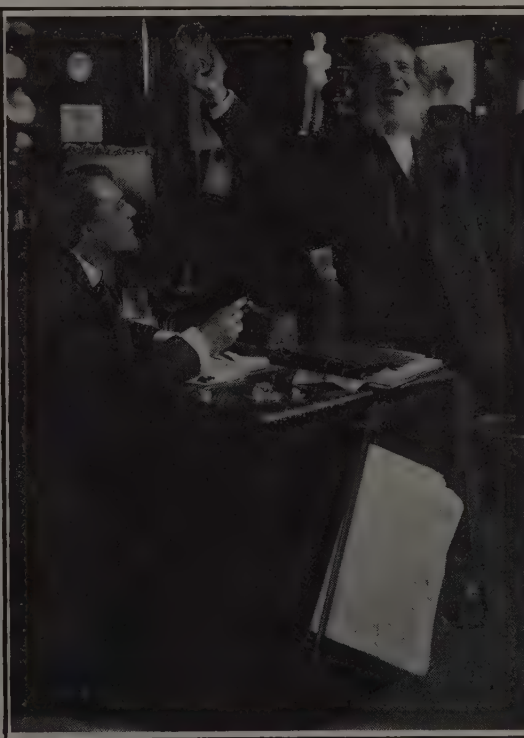
Wilton Ames (Walter Thomas)



Act III. The line up of the Harvard crew before the race. Henry Woodruff is standing up in the centre of the group holding the oar



Laura Hope Crews Mr. Woodruff
Act IV. "I'll come back, Tom"



Mr. Woodruff John, the orange man
Act I. John giving three cheers for Harvard



Mr. Woodruff Laura Hope Crews
Act II. "Remember, Tom, you are only on probation"

Scenes in "Brown of Harvard" at the Princess Theatre



Hall

"A LONG, PLAINLY FURNISHED ROOM FILLED WITH YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN"

Where They Try Out Voices for the Operatic Stage

ON almost any week-day morning in the year, if you happen to visit the sanctum of Henry H. Hamilton, on the second floor of the building in which Col. Henry W. Savage has his offices, you will find in full operation that more or less delightful industry—the trying out of voices.

On this particular morning, when a THEATRE MAGAZINE representative called, the long, plainly furnished room, whose grand piano is its most distinctive feature, was almost filled with young men and women who wish to shine on the comic or grand opera stage. Calamity, it is well known, levels all ranks. On this interesting occasion, common fear of the approaching ordeal does away with the necessity for introductions. Everybody chats with everyone else, and confides, in the excitement of the moment, numerous interesting details concerning past experience or inexperience, present qualms and future-looking hopes.

Presently there is a stir near the door, and the chatter quickly subsides as Col. Savage's representative, the man who is to be sung at, the man who decides, enters the room. Mr. Hamilton is young, smooth-faced, and with a proper touch of the judicial in his appearance. He does not seem overwhelmed with a sense of the awful responsibility which rests upon him, but a slight sigh escapes his lips as his eyes glance over the many callers from whom the few are to be chosen.

"Who is first?" he inquires, moving toward the piano.

A short but substantial brunette comes forward, smiling in propitiating fashion.

"I've a few things here," she begins, holding out a corpulent music roll.

"No, no,—just run over the scales," commands the Master of her Fate. The brunette longs to soar aloft on the wings of song, and says so. Mr. Hamilton, for various Sherlockian reasons, opposes this desire. There follows a suggestion of argument, but—the scales are sung. They are not half bad, as scales go. Mr. Hamilton, his countenance decorously inscrutable, invites the performer to accompany him to his desk, and be put on record in his card filing system. As he begins to fill out a card, the brunette discloses unsuspected powers of reading upside down, and around a corner. Her name and address, she sees, are properly noted. Then, under the caption "Voice" is inscribed a mysterious mark. It looks like "A"—yes, it is "A." But what does it mean—Admirable or Abominable? She would give her prospective first week's salary to know. "Range" and "Complexion" are next described.

"Your weight, please?"

"One hundred and thirty-five," says she of the dark hair, and then wonders if she should have dropped five pounds. She sees that the next question relates to "Height," and is ready to answer it, but her examiner prefers to ascertain this point with scientific exactness. Resort is had to a measuring stand. As a result, the



Hall

TAKING AN APPLICANT'S RECORD

entry, "Five feet two inches," is added to the record.

The next heading is "Appearance." The brunette smiles enchantingly, but Mr. Hamilton cannot be persuaded to deviate from his usual tactful procedure. That entry is left blank, to be filled out when he and the card are all alone.

The final entry has to do with "Tights." Does the applicant object to wearing them? Her answer is somewhat confused, but from it we gather that she would prefer not to forsake conventional attire, but would do so if the exigencies of a theatrical situation compelled.

There still remain on the card several unfilled lines. Their purpose is vaguely indicated by the word "Remarks." If Mr. Hamilton intends to remark, however, it becomes evident that he will indulge later in that pastime. The brunette is informed that should anything turn up—most convenient of phrases—she will be notified. She gushes a good-bye, and exits with a manner so triumphant that the Untried immediately conclude she has signed for a star part.

"Too bad," sighs Mr. Hamilton, "if she wasn't too heavy for the rest of the 'Woodland' girls I could have given her a chance."

The card, nevertheless, is duly filed—along with some three thousand others. The girl is by no means impossible, and a place may be found for her in another of the Savage productions.

The next applicant is also of the gentler sex, and is tall, blonde and good looking. She is accompanied by a sponsor, a musician of some repute, and is allowed to sing. She gives, in a splendid soprano, a selection from a well-known Italian opera. In the conference which follows it develops that she is from the West, and is a teacher in a conservatory at a salary of eighteen hundred dollars a year. She would like to become a star—preferably in grand opera.

"Have you ever been on the stage?" inquires Mr. Hamilton.

No—she has had absolutely no dramatic training.

"You would have to begin in the chorus," she is told, "and probably you would stay there for at least a year or two."

"The chorus," exclaims the blonde, a note of incredulity in her voice.

"The chorus," repeats Mr. Hamilton inflexibly.

There is some further talk, then she goes away to ponder over the respective charms of eighteen hundred dollars for nine months of school work, and about half that amount for labors behind the footlights.

The succeeding aspirant is a manly young fellow, with an unusually good baritone. He would like to sing in grand opera—a failing as common, apparently, to budding songsters as is the Juliet ambition with immature actresses. Mr. Hamilton looks dubious.

"How tall are you?" he asks.

The baritone is only five feet four. As gently as possible, he is told that he is too short to hope to assume leading rôles in grand opera,—that for the big parts something of an heroic stature is usually required.

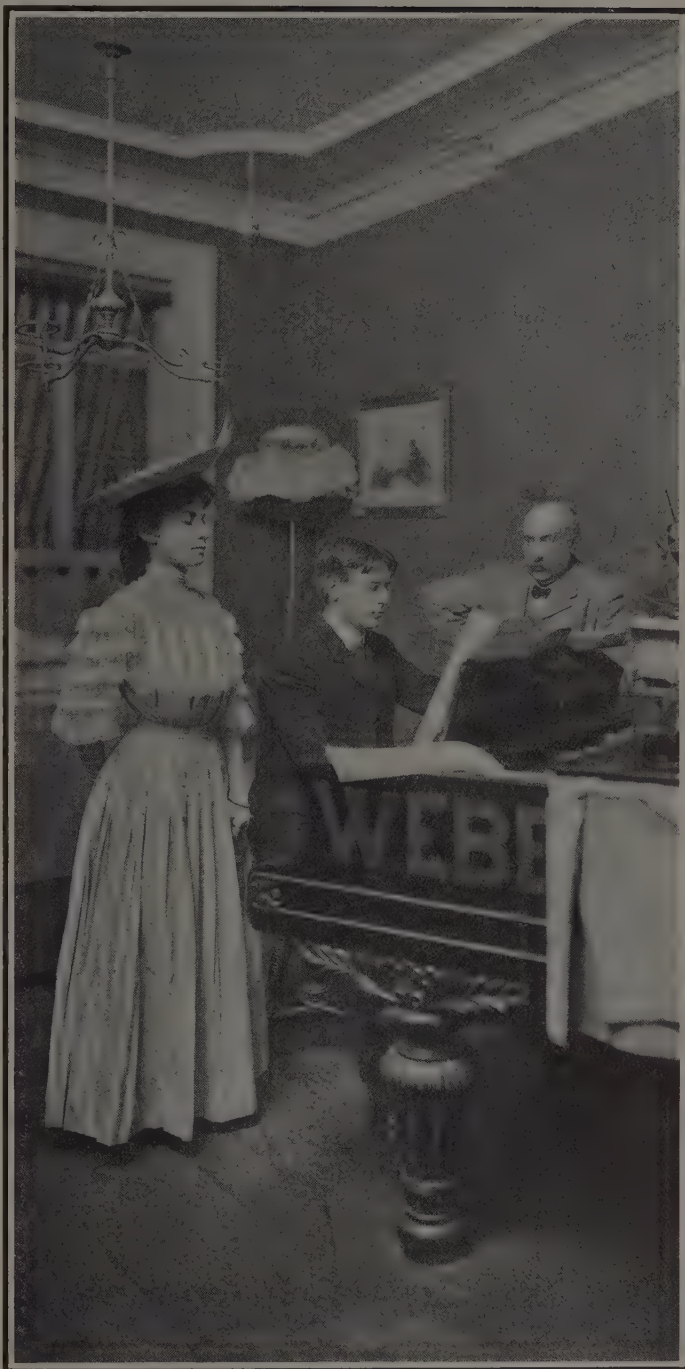
There is a moment's pause, then the young man laughs, a trifle unsteadily.

"What am I to do about it?"

He does not expect an answer to this obviously pointless question. He simply has had "a stiff 'un, right under the jaw," as they say in sporting circles, and in the quick hurt of it he says the first thing that occurs to him. Mr. Hamilton talks about comic opera, another card is filled out, and there is another departure.

There now approaches a bewitching young woman, perfectly graceful and at ease, and blessed with great brown eyes which she knows how to use. She does not even have to sing scales. She has done work of good quality with another manager for several years, and there is a place awaiting her. After she leaves, Mr. Hamilton says, with a satisfied sigh:

"There is a girl who has what so many applicants lack—that indefinable thing called stage presence. Some people are naturally endowed in this respect, and with a little training quickly become



Hall

TRYING AN APPLICANT'S VOICE
Mr. Hamilton is at the piano

polished and efficient. Others are quite hopeless. Plenty of the young women who come into this office have voices superior, in quality and training, to those of many Broadway musical celebrities, but they cannot succeed in comic opera because stage presence is impossible to them."

A second tenor, whose indifferent voice and plastic, humorous face suggest that he may some day become a comic opera star, is followed by a woman of perhaps thirty-five, who has the perfect tailoring, the exquisite grooming, the politely confident bearing of the society grande dame. She sings admirably, is a full, rich contralto. The story which she tells afterwards is an interesting one. She is, as her appearance proclaimed, "in society." Her husband died a few years ago, after having experienced considerable financial difficulty, and left her almost entirely dependent upon her own resources. Since that time, she has been singing at fashionable musicales, given by her wealthy friends.

"The idea came to me the other day," she concludes, "of going on the stage. Of course I don't like to do it, but I do wish to earn more money."

"May I ask," ventures Mr. Hamilton, "how much your vocal work is bringing you at present?" "Only about four thousand dollars a year," she replies plaintively.

For the first time this morning, Mr. Hamilton is surprised,—so much so that for a moment he can only sit and stare at this astonishing woman, who imagines that without any previous dramatic training she can calmly step upon the stage, and command a salary of more than four thousand dollars per annum. When he recovers from the shock, he describes conditions to her, and recommends her to continue with her present work. She is only mildly disappointed. She would like more money,—but, of course, the theatrical profession has drawbacks from a social standpoint. She goes away, wiser, but not much sadder.

Her successor, as the focus for the many interested eyes in this musical Hall of Judgment, is a woman whose appearance is, to put it mildly, somewhat peculiar. She is short and sharp-featured, her skin is brownish in tone, her black, bushy hair, cut short, is surmounted by an obsolete sailor hat, and her whole attire inclines to the mannish. After a moment's survey we realize that she would not be bad to look at if only she were gotten up in a fashion somewhat less outlandish. The mystery of her appearance is partly explained when we learn that for some time past she has been playing boy parts in musical comedies. Her voice is excellent, but about the manner of her singing there is one marked idiosyncrasy. Her upper lip is kept rigidly and persistently pulled down. The same peculiarity is noticeable when she speaks. Mr. Hamilton observes, and looks suspicious. He indulges in a delicate compliment, which would make the face of any other woman in the room expand in wreathed smiles. The recipient appreciates it—with her eyes, but not with her mouth. That upper lip is quite immovable. Mr. Hamilton next cracks a few jokes. They are funny ones, and evoke responsive laughter from everyone within hearing,—except the person for whose benefit they were made. At last, gentler tactics having failed, he leans toward her, and says, in a whisper, "Will you kindly smile?" The game is up; her bluff has been called. But hoping against hope, she feigns ignorance of his motive, and responds only gingerly. Without doubt, there must be plain talking.

"I would like to see your teeth," says Mr. Hamilton uncomplacably.

After an instant of hesitation, the long desired smile appears. It is made to order, and not nearly so pleasant as it might have been had it served as the response to the gentle bait of a joke, a little while before. But it accomplishes what was desired of it. That sternly drawn upper lip had something to conceal. Half of

the front upper teeth are gone. After the first, rather tense moment of discovery, both parties concerned relax, and begin to laugh.

"They'll have to be fixed," says Mr. Hamilton. "Girls in the chorus must smile, and they can't do it properly without showing their teeth. You must have some bridging done. Be sure not to get any gold."

"Will there be a position for me then?"

Mr. Hamilton thinks there will, and she of the firm upper lip departs in haste to the dentist's.

After her come more women, some men, and then still more women. As the morning passes, you become slowly conscious that there is a wearying sameness about the whole affair; that certain types are repeated with discouraging frequency. You begin to understand Mr. Hamilton's frequent sighs, and no longer marvel so much at his power to judge so quickly the probable ability of applicants. Your wonder takes a new form. You ask yourself how his nerves survive so triumphantly this constant onslaught of repeating types. And then, just as you are about to take your departure, with a sigh of thanksgiving that his position is not yours, you suddenly realize that the girl who is now at the piano is singing remarkably well. As she goes on, with increasing power, the charm of her voice gets hold of you, and you want to close your eyes, and blot out everything but those wonderful tones. Her face, though, is so beautiful that you must needs gaze upon it. You do gaze, and soon you are all alone in that crowded room, alone with her; and she is singing to you with all her heart and soul. When she has finished, and you have returned to things mundane, you notice that there is a new light in the eyes of Mr. Hamilton, and that his hand, as he notes down this girl's name and address, dances along with a celerity hitherto not displayed. When she has gone, flushed with the joy of a first engagement, you look at him, and he smiles back at you.

This business is not so bad, after all, if its desert of sameness offers occasionally such enchanting oases of change. One such "find" makes up for days of torture at the hands of mediocres.

"I believe," said Mr. Hamilton, "that the girl who seeks success in this line of work should, before entering seriously upon it, obtain as much good instruction as she can. I would not advise her to go to Europe for this. If a girl goes abroad, and studies there for a year or two, she learns many things which prove a serious bar to her advancement in this country. Let the girl go at once into the chorus, either of a comic or grand opera company. She will receive there a training simply invaluable. If she does good work, she will be given some small part. From then on, the road will not be so hard."

AVERY HOPWOOD.



ERNEST PERRIN

A well known French comedian who is having considerable success in the United States. M. Perrin was one of the leading members of the Cazelles Comedy Company, seen in New York last spring, and on the return of that organization to Paris he decided to remain for a time in America. He was immediately taken up by society here, he directing, and appearing himself in, a series of French classics. In the above picture M. Perrin is seen as Pierrot in Theodore de Banville's piece, "Le Baiser," a rôle which he acted at Newport last summer on the grounds of Mrs. E. Rollins Morse and in which he was seen again March 31 at Mrs. John Gardner's in Boston.



MR. AND MRS. BRONSON HOWARD ON THE GROUNDS OF THEIR HOME IN CALIFORNIA: WITH LELE, THE MASCOT

Bronson Howard—Dean of American Dramatists

(INTERVIEWS WITH AUTHORS No. 3)

BRONSON HOWARD, dean of the Guild of American Playwrights and author of those native classics "Saratoga," "The Banker's Daughter," "The Henrietta," "The Young Mrs. Winthrop," "Shenandoah," etc., etc., like many other successful dramatists, began his career in a newspaper office. He admits, however, that journalism was ever a business to him, never a profession.

"Mine was the humblest staff position on the old *Tribune* when Horace Greeley was editor and Whitelaw Reid its manager," the playwright said to a THEATRE MAGAZINE representative, who had asked him for some account of his beginnings in authorship.

Mr. Howard was later connected with the *Evening Post* when William Cullen Bryant was its editor. Fellow reporters with him in those early days were the late John Hay, Secretary of State, and the late Noah Brooks.

"We three," he laughed reminiscently, "used to eat together every morning in a cellar restaurant under the sidewalk, after the paper went to press. There were always four of us, the fourth man varying. We used to spin a coin to see which should pay for the supper, and we said that Brooks could name either side he chose 'heads' and he'd always win. We had tea and cakes first, and then, after somebody had been 'soaked' for the supper, we ordered more lavishly."

Up to the time of his death Noah Brooks retained that historic old coin.

Mr. Howard saw the dawn of newspaper work for women.

"It was not," he says, "as it is now that one found the women doing regular detail along with the men. It was only the woman who was especially bright and fitted by education and great natural adaptability who was found working in the newspaper offices."

"Had you always desired to become a

dramatist?" wondering if the playwright had had other ambitions.

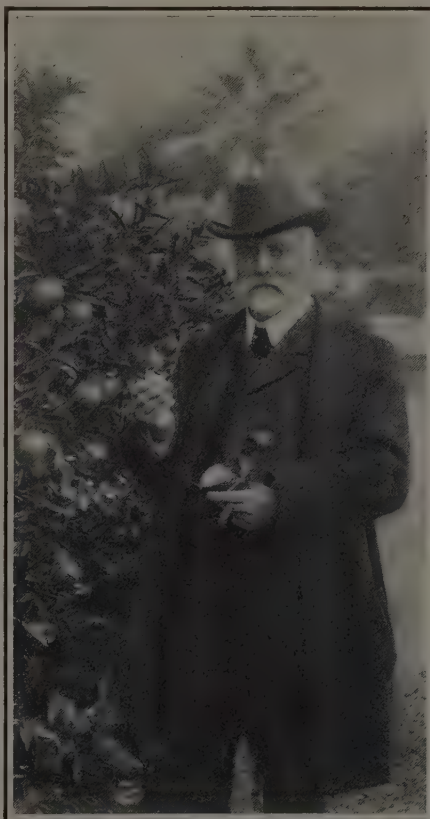
"Yes, always," he replied, as he pulled a long, black cigar from his pocket and lighted it.

We were sitting on a rose-wreathed veranda of a picturesque Southern California house during one of Mr. Howard's Western visits, and the smoke wreaths from his cigars—he smoked several as we chatted—drifted dreamily away into the dark foliage of a nearby orange tree that leaned sociably over the piazza—and was lost among the stray blossoms. There was the perfume of midwinter roses in the air, and the breezes from the Pacific were gentle, but off toward the north where the purple-shadowed

Sierra Madres reared their peaks six thousand feet above the sea line, faint streaks of snow showed in the sheltered cañons, and Old Baldy gleamed crystal white against the turquoise sky.

"I remember at the time my first play, 'Saratoga,' was being rehearsed. I was working all night on the *Tribune* and attending rehearsals by day, and I was getting very tired. Whitelaw Reid, the managing editor, knew how hard I was working, for I had told him, and one night when I looked particularly weary and fagged out he called me into his private office—a long, narrow room it was—and said: 'Howard, you're all tired out. Don't do any more to-night. Come and lie down here in my room on the couch and take a nap.'

"So I stretched out on the couch and lay drowsing, only half conscious of my surroundings. Pretty soon some one came in to chat with Mr. Reid—a man who had done space work for the paper—an occasional contributor. As I hovered between sleep and waking I remember hearing him say: 'I would not give up my journalistic experiences for anything in the world. They were a sort of mental gymnastics which kept my mind keen and alert, and gave me a grasp of things as nothing



BRONSON HOWARD

Eating an orange he has just plucked

else could have done. My newspaper work has helped me more in my life than anything else I have ever known. It is invaluable."

"That man was Bayard Taylor, and I believe that he was right," added Mr. Howard, reflectively.

Apropos of "Saratoga," the dramatist says he considers Mrs. Howard his royalty on this first play, for had it not been for the play he would never have met her. It was in the English version of this piece that Sir Charles Wyndham, the famous English player, made such a hit in 1874, and it was his sister Alice Wyndham who became Mrs. Howard. It came about in this way: Mr. Howard went to England to confer with Wyndham about the play and the production of a subsequent one, and on this visit he became intimate with the actor. Four years later the playwright visited England again, when "Hurricanes" was produced there under the title "Truth"; and it was while visiting Wyndham at his suburban villa that Howard met "sweet Alice with hair so brown." Like Rosalind and Orlando "they no sooner met than they look'd; no sooner look'd but they loved; no sooner loved but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees did they make a pair of stairs to marriage."

For two years the playwright remained in England, leading man in as romantic a play as any which his versatile pen could compose. Just before forswearing bachelordom he made a hurried trip to the land of his birth, which he laughingly terms "my P. P. C. visit to my family in Detroit, that they might cry over me while her friends were crying over her."

He speaks of this last visit as his family's "last look at the remains," but it is safe to say that they were well pleased with the resurrection, for Mrs. Howard is as charming a woman as one would care to meet, and has been of untold help and inspiration to her husband in his work. She is a tall, slender woman with fluffy, brown hair, an aristocratic English face, and the air of a woman who has found her poise. I shall always remember her as I saw her first clad in a closely fitting tailored gown of brown with a brown hat on her brown hair, and at her feet a tiny brown Italian terrier begging to be petted. Little Lèle is the Howards' mascot which they brought from Milan, and she is their constant companion.

Mr. Howard writes on the sponge principle. He first absorbs every drop of information and inspiration he can find, and then squeezes out the thoughts from a full mind.

"A dramatist must completely saturate himself with his subject before he begins to write," he said. "In writing a play he must assimilate about fifty times as much knowledge as he can use.

It is only in this way that what one does use will flow freely and spontaneously. When a man is going to write a play, he must first consider whether it is worth writing. It is just here that the young dramatist so often makes a mistake. He chooses a dramatic situation, but one about which there is not enough interest. Why, when I was preparing to write my war drama

'Shenandoah,' I read a dozen volumes of Scribner's military history before I could find a dramatic incident of the proper scope to use as the nucleus of my piece."

The incident that led to the writing of "Shenandoah" is an interesting one. The Howards were visiting relatives in Ann Arbor and were about to leave for their home. Their luggage was packed and the cab at the door to take them to the station. Mrs. Howard remarked that she wished they were going to spend the winter there. Mr. Howard said, "Suppose we do." They dismissed the cab, found a house that night and settled down. Mr. Howard said he told his wife that if he were going to spend an entire winter there he must write a play. He had always wanted to write a war drama, so with the fine library of the University of Michigan at his disposal he set to work reading up war history till he had surrounded himself with the proper atmosphere.

The first production of the piece was at the Boston Museum when Montgomery Field was manager.

All the New York managers were there to see it, but no one displayed any keen desire to secure it. Among those in the house was Charles Frohman, who had not yet made his mark as a theatrical manager. He was shrewd enough to see how a big play dealing with the Civil War might appeal to the public, so he straightway made Mr. Howard an offer to produce it if he would make certain changes. The play was produced at the Star Theatre, this city, in 1889, with Viola Allen, Effie Shannon, Henry Miller and Wilton Lackaye in the cast, and was an immense success.

Mr. Howard says a dramatist must have "nerve" to attempt scenes of which there is some doubt, but sometimes it is on these very scenes that the success of the play hangs.

In "Shenandoah," for instance, he said the introduction of Sheridan's horse was an experiment attended with some risk. "I never felt safe till that horse was across the stage. The first night Frohman and I stood behind the scenes, waiting. We couldn't tell whether there would be the laughter of ridicule or the applause of success. As the horse entered the wings and dashed across the stage we held our breath. As the applause burst forth Frohman exclaimed, 'Thank God! that horse is across.' 'Yes, thank God!' said I, and we each breathed a sigh of relief."



Otto Sarony Co.

SARAH TRUAX

As the Princess in the dramatization of Gen. Wallace's novel, "The Prince of India"

The entrance of the horse in itself was not of so much importance in producing the effect. It was but the index to the climax, the pivotal point where a hopeless retreat was turned into an enthusiastic rally that brought ultimate victory.

Mr. Howard relates an amusing story of Henry Miller, who played the opposite part to the blind girl in "Young Mrs. Winthrop," when that comedy was first produced. The incident occurred one day at rehearsal when Dr. Mallory, the clergyman who owned the Madison Square Theatre, where the play was to be produced, was present. They had reached the scene in which Miller had been accepted by his blind sweetheart and he was about to bestow the kiss of betrothal when the cleric objected. He said that the kiss spoiled the purity and innocence of the scene, and it

would be stronger without it. Mr. Howard smiled in his sleeve, but he thought there would be no surer way of proving to the reverend gentleman that when you've asked a girl to marry you and she has said "yes," that a kiss is the inevitable climax, so he told the actors to go over the scene without the kiss. The scene didn't go very well, but Mr. Howard kept quiet and let the actors go through it several times. Finally, Miller, who had looked daggers at the minister, thinking the playwright had actually given in to the reverend critic, clapped his hat on his head and, with face stern with anger, stalked off the stage and out of the theatre, as cross as a child denied a sugar plum.

To illustrate how necessary it is that a play should mirror life

logically and naturally, the dramatist tells of "The Banker's Daughter," in which he originally introduced a dying heroine when in reality a living one was required to make the end logical. At the nineteenth rehearsal one of the actors, with despair in her tones, said: "Mr. Howard, what shall I do with this child?"

The child had been brought on when every law of play-writing called for the villain, and it was beyond human art to make the thing go. After the changes were made the piece moved smoothly and all was well.

"Harmony," says Mr. Howard, "is as important in play-writing as in music or painting, and a discord is just as quickly felt."

Some writers think of a clever name and then write a piece to fit the name. Others write a clever piece and then fit a name to it. Mr. Howard wrote a clever play,

but he couldn't find a name to fit it. Augustin Daly was to produce the play, and both had tried various names but couldn't find any one to suit. It came to the point where the printers demanded a name to put on the posters. Mr. Daly suggested that he and Mr. Howard each write the names they had suggested on slips of paper and drop them in a hat. This was done and the slip drawn out bore the name "Diamonds."

"There wasn't anything about diamonds in the play," said Mr. Howard, "but I went out, got the manuscript, changed a pearl necklace to a diamond one, and 'Diamonds' was its name," laughed the author, as he flicked the ash from his cigar.

"How do you manage your characters when you are writing



Photo copyright by B. J. Falk, 1883

FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF A STAGE SCENE EVER TAKEN IN THIS COUNTRY

This picture is of unusual interest from the fact that it represents the first picture of a stage scene ever made by a camera. Previous to this, all such scenes published in newspapers and magazines had to be drawn by artists. It was made by the aid of electric light a year before the invention of flash-light powder, which now, with far less trouble, enables the photographer to produce such fine photographs of scenes from plays, and which—as published in the THEATRE MAGAZINE each month—will, as the years pass, form a pictorial record of our stage of almost inestimable value. The above picture taken at midnight, May 1, 1883, shows a scene in "The Russian Honeymoon," a drama then being presented at the Madison Square Theatre. The picture was taken by B. J. Falk, the well-known artist in photography, and was a feat declared impossible by the experts of that day. To celebrate the event, Daniel Frohman, who was at the time manager of that historic house, donned the uniform of one of the Russian soldiers. He is seen standing at the back, arresting the advance of the hero, played by Frederic Bryton. Wesley Sisson, the assistant manager, is the other soldier. The others in the cast, who are easily recognizable, are Agnes Booth (on the right, pointing with her hand), W. J. Le Moynes, Max Freeman and Estelle Clayton.



ANNIE HUGHES

English actress now playing Eliza in "Mr. Hopkinson." Began her stage career with Charles Wyndham and was the original Little Lord Fauntleroy in England. Later played the part of Norah Brewster in "Waterloo" with Henry Irving. The play she is best known by in London is "Sweet Nancy," by Robert Buchanan, and she may be seen in it here under Mr. Hackett's management.



BRUCE McRAE

Supporting Ethel Barrymore in "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire." Mr. McRae is a Scotchman and nephew of Charles Wyndham. He made his first appearance on any stage at Proctor's 23rd St. Theatre in 1892 in "Thermidor." Since that he has appeared in "The Moth and the Flame," "Sherlock Holmes," "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "Carrots," "A Country Mouse," and "Cousin Kate."



MAY BUCKLEY

Now playing the part of Blanche Bailey in Richard Harding Davis' play, "The Galloper." First attracted metropolitan attention in Belasco's production of "The First Born," in which she played the part of the Chinese girl. Later, was seen as Michel in support of Wright Lorimer in "The Shepherd King." She has also appeared in "Ben Hur" and other important productions.

a play, that is to say, have you any method of your own?"

"I do not name my characters till the play is finished," answered the dramatist, as he poked the fire. "I distinguish them by giving the men single letters and the women double ones. For instance, if the hero is 'A,' the heroine will be 'AA,' and so on."

Asked how an author feels on a first night, his reply was that it is all a matter of temperament. Personally, he is always optimistic after the final rehearsal. "After I have done all I can to make the piece a success I don't worry. I take it as a matter of course that it will go," and he smiled pleasantly. "I have been through two first-night failures, though," he added, a bit ruefully, "but I did not know it at the time. My wife and my friends all knew it, but I was too much engrossed in the play to notice."

"The Henrietta" had been produced in America with great success, and it was hoped that it would meet the same reception in England. Although the house was enthusiastic, Mr. Howard said he knew it wouldn't go. He looked significantly at Mrs. Howard and she looked significantly at him, and both knew the fate of the play. It ran for fifty nights and had to be taken off. This play was originally written for Robson and Crane in '87, and the play was read to the company and accepted at once without the change of a paragraph. After four weeks of rehearsals it was put on at the Union Square Theatre in New York. Mr. Howard says that was the first play he ever wrote that did not require some change at the rehearsals.

"Truth is oftentimes too strong for art," said Mr. Howard, and as an example of this he tells an amusing story, the incident of which caused him to write one of his popular plays. The story is a true one, and he shows how he had to modify the incident in order to make it seem natural when incorporating it in his play.

A charming young widow was calling upon Mr. Howard's sister in Detroit. When she arrived she sent up her card by the maid. Now it happened that Mrs. D—— was the widow of two men and happening to be out of the cards bearing her second married name, she sent up one bearing her first, Mrs. B——.

The hostess came down, not expecting to see any one she knew. Looking at her guest in surprise, she said: "Oh, Mrs. D——, it is you! You sent up the wrong card and I could not imagine who it was."

"Oh, what's the difference!" exclaimed Mrs. D——, laughing. "I'm the widow of both." Here was a suggestion for a comedy.

"Now," added the dramatist, "it would be very hard to make people believe that a woman would really do such an eccentric thing as that, and to make it seem more natural, when I used it in the play, I had the woman send up the wrong card in error, and in that way the piece seems perfectly logical and amusing, but not eccentric."

Bronson Howard has not written anything since "Aristocracy." He has long suffered from overwork and nerve strain and he has spent much time for three or four years in wandering about the world, looking for better health. One could spend hours listening to his interesting stories of his work and travels. In the courtly, distingué, polished man of the world it is difficult to see the youthful journalist flipping coins for a supper and doing detail assignments on a daily paper. But though his hair and closely cropped beard are nearly white, the years have been kind to him. The fire and strength and assurance of youth are still there, tempered by the experience and knowledge of the matured man. His sense of humor is as keen as ever



Marceau, N. Y.

RICHARD MANSFIELD

This distinguished American actor, who is now playing his annual engagement in New York, has announced his intention to retire permanently from the stage at the end of three years, the reason given being that he is tired and wants to rest

it was, and he is no less quick to catch the pathos of life. His eyes are pleasant to look upon and there is something about Bronson Howard's smile that is fascinating. He is a constant theatregoer and a familiar figure on all important first nights. Unlike most playwrights, who are generally loth to express a candid opinion about any production, Mr. Howard never hesitates to praise or criticise, and his comments are always worth listening to. As president of the American Dramatists' Club he has been instrumental in securing the passage in several States of legislative measures of incalculable benefit to his fellow craftsmen, and one day, who knows? he himself may write the long waited for American play.

GRACE HORTENSE TOWER.



Charlotte Walker

Ferdinand Gottschalk

THE TRAGIC DINNER SCENE IN "THE TRIANGLE," RUPERT HUGHES' DRAMA OF SOCIETY LIFE, SEEN AT THE MANHATTAN

How Vaudeville Sketches Are Written

THE twenty-minute vaudeville sketch is at present, probably, the most difficult and profitable form of dramatic writing. The demand for bright, original sketches far exceeds the supply, so rapid is the growth of vaudeville houses. In number the latter now quite equal legitimate theatres, Greater New York supporting some sixteen. The market of vaudeville sketch writing is practically controlled by three men—Will M. Cressy, George M. Cohan and Edward Day. And neither, to quote the Dean of the craft, "are literary fellers." Cressy and Cohan are actors who perform in their own sketches while furnishing vehicles for fellow-players. Edward Day, until he caught the trick, was an unsuccessful newspaper man.

Ten years ago, when vaudeville entertainment first appealed to popular taste, the twenty-minute playlet, as it obtains to-day in the best houses of continuous performance, was practically unknown to the American stage. It is distinctly a product of the times, and its present vogue may be said to date from the rise of Cressy. It is five years since Cressy drifted from legitimate drama—he was nine years with Denman Thompson—into vaudeville. A year later he wrote his first sketch. It was a hit. Since then he has written ninety-seven sketches and has never had a failure.

So substantial is his reputation that vaudeville managers everywhere are said to engage

without trial performance the applicant who possesses a Cressy sketch.

"My recipe for making a sketch?" echoed the Dean, as he awaited the call boy in a vaudeville house where he and his pretty wife were headliners. "First—Get a good climax. Without a good climax it's waste of time to begin a vaudeville sketch. I write the last page first. Second—Open with action—no explanations, no long speeches. Instead of the characters telling the audience what they are going to do, have them do it. This is absolutely necessary in order to get the mind of the audience away from the new scenery and the impression left by the previous performance. The condition of vaudeville is quite unlike that of the legitimate stage. When the vaudevillist comes on, the audience is taken up with what has preceded him. It must be cleared, ready for new impressions, before he can hope to arrest attention. The spoken word, however bright, is liable to be lost. Salvation is in action—quick, vigorous, compelling. Third—Have at least three subjects for the characters to talk about. One subject, I find, is quickly exhausted, so I manage to have at least three to quicken and hold interest. Fourth—Short sentences, one breaking into the other with a laugh in every other line. My best sketches have a laugh in every line. Fifth—Introduce towards



WILL M. CRESSY

Most successful of vaudeville sketch writers

(Continued on page vi.)



Photo Sciutto, Genoa

ELEANORA DUSE'S LATEST PORTRAIT

An Interview with Eleanora Duse

It is well known that Eleanora Duse has made it a rule of her life never to be interviewed for the press. She had adhered religiously to this determination, and neither in Italy, France, England, America or any other country has she been induced to talk for publication. But rules are made to be broken at least once, and the THEATRE MAGAZINE is fortunate enough to have been made the exception. To our European representative, Miss Gertrude Norman, the great Italian actress has accorded an interview, and Miss Norman, herself an American actress and writer of considerable ability, herewith presents a remarkable "impression" of the celebrated tragedienne which will be read with keen interest:

"She comes like the hush and beauty of the night,
And sees too deep for laughter;
Her touch is a vibration and a light,
From worlds before and after."

EDWIN MARKHAM.

TO know an artist personally too often destroys one's illusions. Not that many artists do not possess interesting, noble, even lofty characters. The disappointment lies in that they are so often entirely different to the ideal, so unlike what we, in our egotism, desire them to be to satisfy our dream of them. Instead of the high-minded, concentrated seeker after the ideal, true, just and beautiful, we often find an extremely practical, ordinary human being, with few ideals outside of the getting of money and *business success*; or, sometimes to our sorrow, one full of pride, vanity and narrow egotism, eternally fretting about trifles and fearful that their positions will not be recognized or their talents bowed down to. After all, it is to the simplicity of genius that we bend, not to its self-consciousness.

Happily there are many exceptions to this rule; Eleanora Duse is one of them. To form a just estimate of her art one must have met her, for in her words and actions we find the secret of her genius.

Eleanora Duse! . . . The name drifts towards me, as I endeavor to conjure her up out of the twilight of dreams, the dim shadows of exquisite memories, epoch-making moments, like the ever eluding, ever returning distant music of the sea. Her sad, eager, ardent, sincere, inexpressibly mournful and beautiful face rises, cameo-like, from the brain-mists, as when I last saw and talked with her, in her quiet, sombrely lighted room. Somehow one cannot imagine this extraordinary woman in the garish light of day; she seems to belong to the tender, purple shadows. I shall always remember her as she entered into the dim light, coming towards me with her soft yet buoyant step, both hands outstretched, with an expression of tender, intimate dignity and mute confidence. She is not nearly as tall as one imagines from the

impression derived from seeing her on the stage, being only of medium height. The figure, although graceful, erect and energetic, and now a trifle inclined to stoutness; is built on the square, broad lines peculiar to the Italian women. At one time Duse was called angular, but that is a day of the past. Her face is intensely, luminously pale and delicate looking, most elusive to description, because so enigmatic, intangible; full of the allure of pathos. Above all, the face of a *complete woman*; one who has suffered all that life can possibly give one to bear—the enormous, primeval soul-rending agonies, the daily heart-breaking tragedies.

The eyes are most compelling, most wonderful. As curiously deep set as Carlyle's, portentous as Beethoven's, introspective as Maeterlinck's. To me there has ever existed a curious affinity between these four lofty souls; some distant link of strange, psychological similarity. They are all "*Mighty and gloom-stricken children, of Poetry's mystical pain.*" Perhaps herein lies their unity of suggestion. Their eyes are obscure, crepuscular, full of cryptic, inexpressible sadness, as if all the maladies of evil, sin and torments of all the ages, made weary the soul behind.

But when Duse talks her eyes glow with vivid comprehension, swift sympathy and most maternal lights, holding always within them, nevertheless, a mist that shadows them, as of eyes that have wept overmuch. A brooding silence is around her, like that which envelops the Sphinx in the night desert, like the unheard, creeping up of the moaning Autumn winds. Her voice has a lonely timbre, as if telling of unfulfilled love, lost illusions, goals never reached, dreary waste places.

I do not wish to suggest that all is mournful grey around Eleanora Duse. It may be her most potent suggestion, but there are times when she talks merrily, like an unconscious child; a bright look wells up from latent, ever youthful senses; happiness absorbs her features. She has a trick of looking into far distances for a little while before speaking, searching into infinity and space, and then one notices the spiritual transparency and nobility of her profile. Her nature is a naturally silent one, and she often quotes, "*In the silence is our only chance of knowing one another.*" When she does talk and a subject interests, holds her, she is impulsive, animated and wholesomely argumentative. Great thoughts pass continually over her mobile mask, revealing the inward spirit of genius.

The hands of Eleanora Duse have been much written of, dedicated to and modelled. They are rarely exquisite; marvellously beautiful in shape and texture of skin; small, with tapering fingers, that have a habit of meeting at the tips in a peculiar, sensitive way. They are poignant, full of pain, mysterious as her heavy eyelids—outward and tangible signs of her soul, seemingly able, too, to evoke and reach into the dark chambers of another's hidden soul.

It is easy to see that she is very shy, proud and full of a silent appeal. Her extreme simplicity of manner, supreme unconsciousness, sweet pleasure at praise and admiration, but shrinking most truly, not in any eccentric sense, from notoriety and publicity of all sort, proclaim her almost an oversensitized human being. She had just come from the bedside of a dangerously ill member of her company, whose hands she had been holding all day, as if in endeavor to absorb the pain out of the sufferer, and her eyes were wet with compassion. As she spoke—sitting before me in her simple black gown, a touch of white at the throat; devoid of any jewels excepting a narrow gold ring on one finger; her thick, wavy hair, once so black, now very, very white, especially above the prominent, noble forehead, brushed loosely back and done in a small coil—I could hardly believe that this reticent, retiring woman was Eleanora Duse, who, from her earlier years had faced the footlights, crowded audiences of all sorts and all nations, entralling them with her superbly mastered art and natural gifts of passionate genius.

Duse is a fluent French scholar and an earnest student of French literature, both past and modern. Her life is spent much in study, silence and solitude. When away from the theatre she leads the life of philosopher and sage, and loves to be among her flowers. We talked at great length of Maurice Maeterlinck, for whom she has a profound admiration, his mysticism appealing strongly to the answering chord so dominant in her nature. "Aglavaine and Selysette," his most intimate, individual and lovely of dramas, she has a preference for, speaking especially of the last act, Selysette up in her tower and the self-sacrificing beauty of her death. As she quoted a few lines from the first act, Meleander's words, describing Aglavaine, came to my mind: "*She is like no other woman. . . . Her beauty is different, that is all. . . . Stranger and more ethereal; more manifold . . . it is a beauty along which the soul can pass unhindered.*"

Duse questioned me closely about life on the stage in America,



Photo Braun, Clement & Co.

ELEANORA DUSE
(From a Painting)

about the advantages and experiences for young artists, and looked horrified when told we more than often had to play eight times a week and *one* part, sometimes, from 30 to 40 weeks. Personally, she could do nothing under such conditions, she said. It must take years off one's artistic life, all impulse and inspiration away from one's work. Such a thing could only be endured in an interesting repertoire, even then might prove dangerous to one's artistic completeness; but to play *one* part and that often a bad part, in an inartistic and uninteresting play, completed her amazement. Concerning the American public, she said:

"I think they show an earnest desire for beauty, for more soul; they seem holding out their hands for it. If they do not at once accept what we give them, we must not condemn, but be patient. D'Annunzio, for me, has opened a new door, both to literature and art."

At one time Duse wrote these strangely typical words, and I quote them here, as they are so distinctly a part of her:

"To questions that are presented to me regarding the dramatic art I have only one answer to offer. It is this: that all I care to say is said through the medium of my art and in the form of the new plays I am now presenting. In these new plays I have



W. A. Sands E. A. SOTHERN AS SHYLOCK

faith. From this statement one may draw one's own conclusions. I do not like to judge other people's work, either in my native land, or anywhere else. *Let every lover of the theatre raise an ideal from his own soul and follow it faithfully. In this way the artistic evolution will inevitably accomplish itself. To act is the essential thing.* To watch a beautiful garden in its blossoming is a great joy, but I am not interested in the way the blossoms are produced. *I come from far away and have faith in my star.* That is all. I can say no more, nor do I wish to know more."

And, if Duse has since changed her mind concerning certain productions, is it not the privilege granted to all

women; and is she not perhaps the more lovable, nearer to us, for that touch of human weakness? It savors much of another lofty soul's assertions, Leo Tolstoy; but how else would they concentrate, achieve or advance? Does not Emerson say only fools are consistent and that, to climb onwards and upwards, one must be independent and self-reliant enough to change one's mind?

To the actress the art of Eleanora Duse will ever be an inspiration. After having seen her she becomes as it were an integral part of one's existence, the most potent guide and incentive in one's artistic life. From her we can all of us always learn; she is ever holding out beneficent hands; bringing new beauties into existence, through an art which she seems to have created; a "something new and strange," altering one's attitude towards the theatre in many ways. Her art has been so widely discussed, so minutely dissected and analyzed, it seems as if almost the last word must have been spoken regarding it. Yet, how inadequately she has been conveyed on paper.

All great artists to shine in an epoch must fully reflect that epoch. They must radiate the spirit of the times and nation from which they spring. The masses are in reality the creators. From them rises an unit, a dominant, compelling, typifying individual, who ex-



W. A. Sands
JULIA MARLOWE AS KATHERINE



W. A. Sands
JULIA MARLOWE AS VIOLA

presses and makes manifest their characteristics, possibilities, sorrows, joys, hopes fears. All the ages have contributed to this phenomena, and from the lasting works of their genius we read the history of the universe, both physical, mental and spiritual. Statues, pictures, music, poetry, literature, inventions, acting, all have registered the actual moment. Balzac is France (in his age) in the concrete, humanity in general. Hauptmann is Silesia, and the sorrows of humanity; Ibsen is Norway, grim, powerful, material; Maeterlinck calls up dim places, the mournful tree-lined, still canals of Belgium, and its seeking, seeking after the mysterious and spiritual. Thus does the one

touch of supreme genius make the whole world kin.

Eleanora Duse is Italy; we find traces of her in all that country's various arts; she looks out from all their books; her existence is the perfectly natural outcome of many effects. No other nation could have produced her, any more than any other country but Germany could have produced Wagner or Nietzsche. Her art has expanded to universal comprehension, because she has absorbed and become "a part of all that she has seen." Every woman finds in her some unspoken part of herself.

Her art is so true, so simple; she follows so intently the line of absolute realism; never forgetting that in all reality, no matter how dark, there is ever the significant touch of beauty and hope. "Life to her is so great, the soul so unspeakably earnest," therefore she is more than an artist, she is a spiritual force; giving us of her deep inner life, her heart's blood, and of the silences of her soul. And who can ever forget those silences of Duse's and their helpless pathos? As in the greatest dramas, her most potent effects are gained from passiveness. We are overwhelmed, and weep then, at the troubled language in her eyes.

When Duse comes on the stage, it is like a sudden and beautiful change in the light; when she begins to act, the stage fades from our outward vision, the walls of a house are sundered, as it were. We are assisting at an intimate tragedy, the stage whereof is our own hearts. She takes us, as music does, to "the edge of the infinite and lets us for moments gaze into that;" and never does she startle or astonish us; everything happens just as it should; everything is repressed, reticent, bafflingly natural, full of the wonderful "tact of omission." Her power of intuition, logic of treatment and simple directness of appeal, are unerring. Behind and over all hangs a profound thoughtfulness; the thoughtfulness of one who comes towards us from a sanctuary of brooding on life's eternal problems.

Perhaps all this is because Duse did not *choose* the art of acting. She *had* to act; she was chosen long ago. For centuries

the unseen forces of life have been moulding her to this end; all her forebears were player-folk. It has been her life, her birth and is as natural to her as it is unnatural for most people. With her it was not sought for from ambition, vanity, a desire to cultivate

the emotional and intellectual powers, it is not even a talent; it simply was the one thing to do to support and educate her child. Consequently her viewpoint has been totally different to that held by so many, who desire fame and notoriety. She did whatever she had to do with sincerity and concentration, for it is her nature so to do all things; and then she possesses that crown of gifts, complete power to surrender self to one's genius.

Duse has never endeavored to build up a "stage-personality." She has never thought it necessary to try and be something on the stage entirely foreign to her nature away from it. Her voice and gestures are those of a *real* woman, not the assumed stage-voice, with unnatural vibrations, tremblings, cadences, lingering and poetical,



W. A. Sands

Petruchio: "I will be master of what is mine own!"

JULIA MARLOWE AND E. A. SOTHERN IN "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"

that is such a temptation for the artist with a beautiful organ.

Then again her gestures are always right, because true to the moment; they, her walk and all her movements, are oftentimes a little awkward, *gauche*; by no means the lovely curves and motions of the "graceful actress, with the undulating walk." Almost all the plays I have seen Eleanora Duse in fell far short of her art, or were not the right medium for it. Has one ever seen her trying to reach up to a tragic situation? The tragic situation so seldom reaches up to *her* and that is why I enjoyed her more in D'Annunzio's plays than any others, excepting his "Francesca."

Perhaps, after all, the "static theatre" is nearer than we imagine. There are many pioneers. The air is full of hope. And not least of all has been the potent, silent influence of Madame Duse. Does it not indeed relieve the darkness of an outlook, to see amid the triumphs of an ugliness that grows day by day more insolent, more elaborate, all pervasive, the unconquerable resurgence of beauty?—"La domination d'une âme qui se laisse être belle."

GERTRUDE NORMAN.

Hammerstein's Plans for Grand Opera

UNLESS all signs fail, the monopoly of giving artistically worthy productions of grand opera in New York will be wrested from the Conried Opera Company with the turning of next fall's foliage. A rival has sprung into the field over night, another Richmond of grand opera has sounded his operatic challenge—and this is none other than Oscar Hammerstein.

There are those who scoff at the prospect of a season of grand opera under the ægis of Mr. Hammerstein. But if such sneers come from the adherents of Mr. Conried then it should be recalled that when Mr. Conried entered the grand opera field three seasons ago he knew no more about the practical exigencies of this calling than does Mr. Hammerstein to-day. In fact, it might truthfully be recalled that Mr. Conried spent much of his time and his hearer's patience by trumpeting forth promises and advertising ideals many of which have been throttled by the financial success that has beset this manager since his coming into operatic power at the Metropolitan Opera House. With the possibility of clearing in the neighborhood of a hundred thousand dollars each season there have died the tender probabilities of giving ideally good opera at the Metropolitan. Poverty and

the Grand Opera, as do the Viennese to the Imperial Opera. During the three years' reign on the managerial throne at the Metropolitan Opera House Mr. Conried has learned much. He has reaped the benefit of the failures of the men who have preceded him and who have lost fortunes in educating the public to the need of grand opera; and he has learned to drive his profits

to a height in dollars and cents that was undreamed of by the most sanguine of idealists who lived and strove in the opera field before him, men who tilled this field carefully but expensively, paying for their meagre crop of dollars and honors with their fortunes and their lives. All these incidents Mr. Conried has learned to adjust to his profit; also has he tried the experimental application of a few of his ideals, but has abolished most of them because they seemed to be expensive and useless, inasmuch as the masses flocked to hear opera that was slovenly given. Why, then, Mr. Conried must have argued, patting his wallet, spend money for good productions when mediocre ones draw the multitude!

These sins of error and omission, these wholesale defiances to promises and ideals have brought about Mr. Conried's head storms of abuse. He has not minded these



Marceau OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN



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Jean de Reszke

ideals go hand in hand—even in so uncertain a vocation as that of impresario. Once let the mob bay, money in hand, to be admitted to grand opera performances, let the demand for boxes and stalls exceed the supply, then the scheme of giving remarkable grand opera is debauched into giving opera



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Madame Nordica

much. He has even, in defiance of last season's experience, produced another comic opera at his benefit performance this season, and has again degraded the Metropolitan Opera House by doing so. He could well afford to sneeze at critics and public, since the receipts were enormous and financial



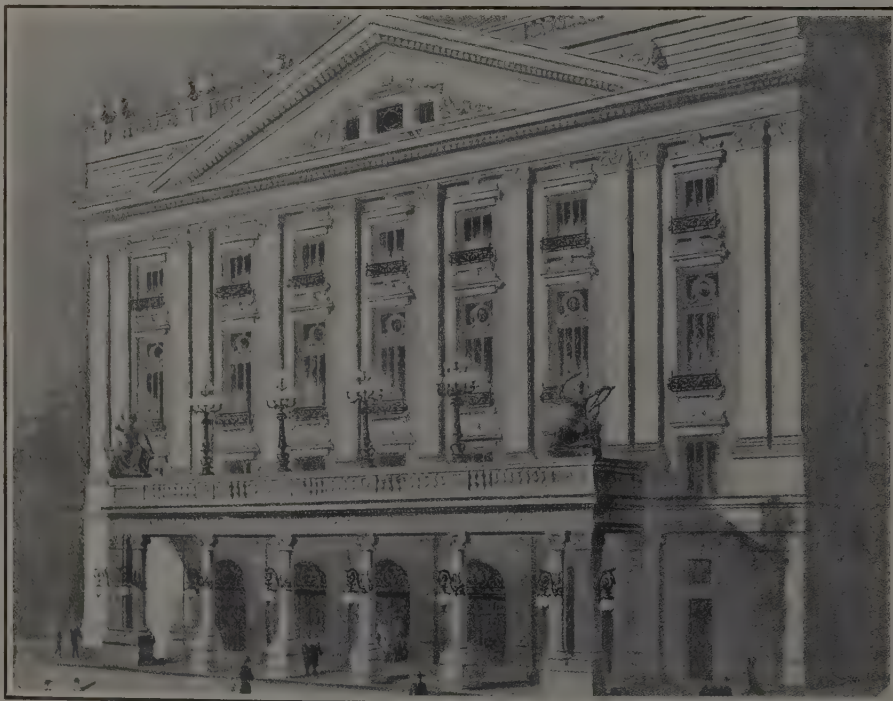
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Edouard de Reszke

as best one can to leave a fat financial margin for the manager at the close of the season. Let the possibility of clearing a cool

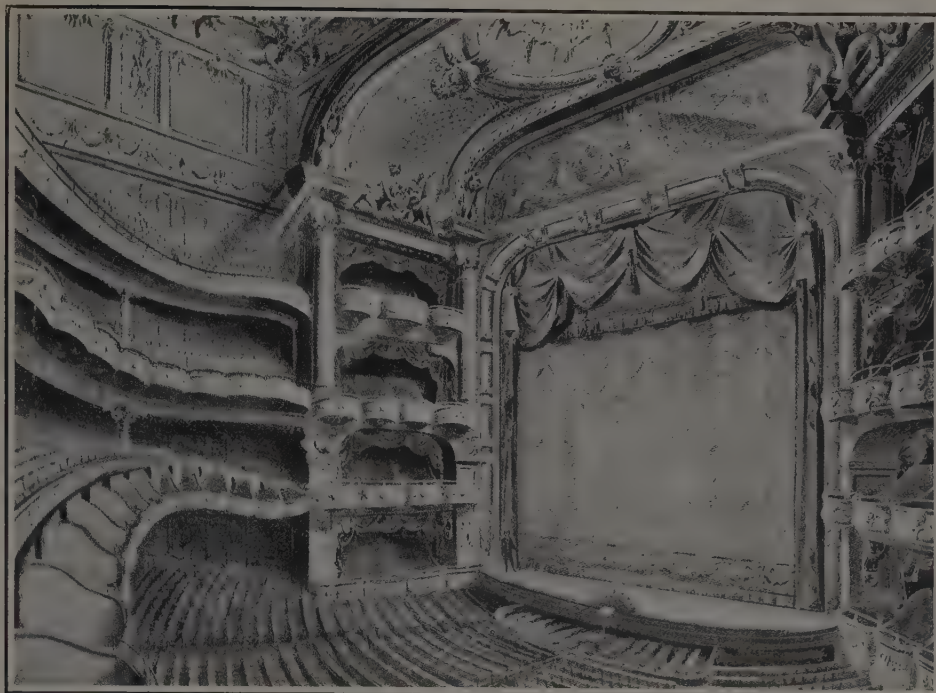
success assured, even if his artistic reputation suffered.

Other managers have watched Mr. Conried's game with

much patience and more envy. Now Mr. Hammerstein has offered to be the King David of grand opera. He announces his intention of opening the New Manhattan Opera House with a season of grand opera, to begin next October. He says, flat-footedly, that he is going to give the people the kind of opera they want. He has no such youthful and foolish ideals of abandoning the star system, but is setting about to engage the greatest stars available. Already has he engaged the famous Italian tenor Bonci



FACADE OF THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE ON THIRTY FOURTH STREET



MAIN AUDITORIUM, SHOWING PROSCENIUM AND MEZZANINE BOXES

and the popular basso Edouard de Reszké. He also claims to have the promise of Jean de Reszké to appear at a few "guest" performances, and he has engaged the Italian conductor Campanari. He is to confine himself to Italian and French opera exclusively for the start, feeling that these operas have been neglected and maltreated at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Hammerstein says he is not flirting with any foreign governments with the hope that he be decorated; nor does he propose to take any benefits for himself. If there are any benefit performances given, Mr. Hammerstein says they will be for the benefit of some hospital or some other needy cause. He promises incidentally to engage a real stage manager, one who can handle scenery and does not spend his time in framing excuses for bad stage performances. In order that the masses may have a greater chance of hearing opera, he purposes giving popular priced Wednesday matinees; and on such occasions the prices of seats in the two balconies is to be reasonable—his new theatre is to have two balconies, each one with a seating capacity of about a thousand people. In the matter of the prices of admission to the regular performances the scale is to be the same as the one now prevailing at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Hammerstein was forced to this, as his original scheme of giving grand opera at a scale of reduced prices did not appeal to prospective box holders at all.

The music-loving public hails this new enterprise with joy. It matters nothing to the masses whether Mr. Hammerstein loses money or whether Mr. Conried's receipts are curtailed half a hundred thousand dollars. It glories in the fact that new and famous voices are to be heard and that there is to be rivalry in the grand-opera field. Such competition can be productive only of a betterment in the giving of grand opera, for the large, floating public will choose the best productions and bestow its patronage there where the best singing and the best stage settings are offered. The official list of boxholders is for the present withheld. It is said, however, that twenty boxes have been actually subscribed for and that among the names are the Vanderbilts, J. H. Smith, Henry Frick, Chas. Schwab, A. W. Tomlinson, Miss Mary R. Callender and Mrs. W. T. Bull. If this partial list is correct it would indicate that society has no deep seated prejudice after all against patronizing an opera house situated near Eighth Avenue.

Mr. Hammerstein sailed early in March for Europe to engage his singers, and no complete list of these will be forthcoming for some weeks. The two De Reszkés are too well known to need comment here. Signor Bonci, a man in the early thirties, has met with the greatest success in his native Italy, in South America,

and when he recently visited other continental cities he created a veritable furore. Gifted with a pure lyric tenor voice, he is said to have a remarkable high C, and to produce an equally remarkable effect with it. Attacking the tone in full voice, he gradually diminishes it to a perfect pianissimo, very unusual. Mr. Hammerstein believes that he will create a sensation when heard here in "Rigoletto." As to the women singers, Mr. Hammerstein declares that they will be the equals of the male trio already announced. He will as yet give no names but he is known to be negotiating with Nordica, Calvé, Melba and Gadski. The chorus and orchestra will be engaged in this country, the chorus master and the conductors in Europe, and he promises that even the smallest parts will be entrusted to thoroughly competent singers only, producing a fine ensemble. Mr. Hammerstein has high ideals for this new venture, for he realizes that he must not only equal but surpass the performances given in the Metropolitan

Opera House if he is to attain real success.

Oscar Hammerstein has always been a prominent figure in thea-
(Continued on page vii)



FOYER PROMENADE



The World of Music



THE end of the music season is easily within hailing distance, and a cry of relief arises from the music-saturated multitude. It has been a long and—to use a national word—a strenuous music season. The end is not quite yet, and this is hardly the time for a tonal retrospect. Rather are we concerned with what has belabored the ears of music-lovers and music-haters during the past four weeks.

Principal among the events of the concert room was the first performance in this city of Mahler's Fifth Symphony, exquisitely played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the conscientious baton of Wilhelm Gericke. This monumental work originally took an hour and twenty minutes in performance; but since then the shears and pruning knives of both the composer and Mr. Gericke were set a-snipping until the length of performance of the five movements was reduced to a bit less than an hour. Mahler, who is the czar of the Vienna Imperial Opera, is known to

be one of the best conductors among the great ones, and in this phase of his art praise is not withheld from him. But as a composer he has done more than his share of Alpine climbing to reach public favor. We have heard his Fourth Symphony played by the New York Symphony Orchestra, and its success seemed a very doubtful one; but the recent performance of his Fifth symphonic work seemed to make an impression even less favorable. The principal fact that it impresses upon its hearers is that of unnecessary repetition of theme. Then the work seems but sparsely supplied with big moments; and the beginning is so impressive that the balance of it spells disappointment. It sounds, at first hearing, a work not at all difficult to understand—in fact it is, after some of the Strauss masterpieces, a work of but reasonable complexity. Oddly enough, it opens with

a Funeral March that promises very much, but not during the course of this work is the height of the opening attained again. The Adagietto is pretty but reminiscent of Wagner; and the Waltz movement is also charming but suffers from repetition. The Boston band played this composition with a finish that was

well nigh breath-taking. It is an interesting symphony, one that should be heard again; but it is far from being a colossal work. In fact, those who know the entire literature of the Mahler symphonies declare that this Fifth is not among his best writings.

The Philharmonic Society has given two sets of concerts, and has had as many conductors to lead them. At the first of these two affairs there presided Dr. Ernst Kunwald, of Frankfort, who proved to be a routinier of no great individuality or power, and under his baton the Philharmonic Orchestra played with its usual slovenliness of pitch and attack. For the later occasion our very own Victor Herbert presided and he made the great grandfathers of music in New York sit up and play in a way that was surprising for its quality. But it seemed rather bad grace that Victor Herbert should have put his own "Suite Romantique" on this programme. It has been played in New York once before when

it proved to be very estimable and ambitious comic-opera music. This characteristic was again set forth by a second hearing. Some one wittily suggested that Victor Herbert should engage some one to write a libretto to this music. Whatever its other qualities, it was a doubtful procedure to put this work on a programme of a Philharmonic concert. It probably holds the record of being the only work this august body has performed in a decade from which the audience could depart after a single hearing and whistle some of its tunes. It must have been a shock to the Adams of orchestral players—possibly the shock was such that it made them play comparatively so well!

By far the most interesting item in the past four weeks of opera—which have been principally a series of repetitions—was the first production at the Metropolitan Opera House of Johann

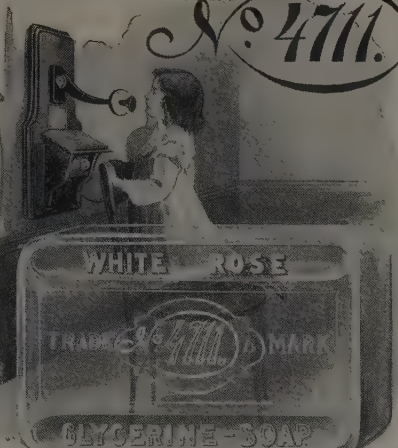
Strauss' comic opera, "Der Zigeuner-Baron." Those who still take art and music seriously about the Metropolitan hope and believe that it will be the last performance that this work will have in this particular opera house. The auspicious occasion that was selected for its performance was the benefit of



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SIGNOR CAMPANARI AS TONIO IN "I PAGLIACCI"

HELLO! GIVE ME
No. 4711.



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No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap.
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Mr. Conried, an annual event that makes this prosperous manager of grand opera about twenty-two thousand dollars richer each season. Every artist contributes his or her services gratis, and the great public streams into the Metropolitan to hear almost every artist of prominence do a "stunt." For this purpose the prices are doubled. During the first season of Mr. Conried's regime he chose to give a performance of "Parsifal" for his benefit, which procedure was in no way a violation of the dignity of this opera house; then last season he was stung by his old love for comic opera, and to indulge himself he gave "Die Fledermaus" for his benefit performance, and as many times afterward as curiosity and a subscription list ensured him half an audience. Instead of learning by experience that the Metropolitan Opera House is no place for comic opera, that in this auditorium spoken dialogue is ridiculous, Mr. Conried obstinately insisted that this season "Der Zigeuner-Baron" should be the vehicle of his benefit. For two acts the audience was bored; but in the third act it sat up and gasped as the ballet and chorus attired in military tights filed down the centre of the stage and then arrayed themselves in true comic opera or "Black Crook" fashion on both sides of the stage. At this point the various principals appeared and sang and did "turns" that were nothing more nor less than apothecized vaudeville. There is no need of going into these acts in detail here. The whole affair was a display of bad taste and unpardonable lack of judgment on the part of Mr. Conried, the performance of "Der Zigeuner-Baron" itself being one of the worst that has been celebrated in this opera house during the entire season. The principals are easily to be forgiven, because they could by no will of their own have chosen so ineffective a work. So the blame must rest upon the obstinate shoulders and head of Mr. Conried. He has harvested a crop of abuse that has been thundering about his ears with unrelenting vigor. Whether or not he has finally learned by experience that comic opera is not for the Metropolitan, remains to be seen next season.

The first of this season's performances of Bizet's "Carmen" comes at a date so belated as to prove an unerring index of the neglect into which French opera has fallen this season at the Metropolitan. Possibly one cause for the delay was that the gods and the multitude were waiting for Caruso to sing Don José. He had sung the part in Italian—but never in this city. So he set about to learn it in French, and it was tried on the opera-loving canines of the city of Brotherly Love before it was loosed in New York. It is not an amazing Don José. As was reasonable to expect, after this tenor's Faust, the reading was full of Italianisms. He sang it beautifully, of course, but not with the French dash and verve that one looks for in this rôle. Caruso was acting at his best in the final scene, but here there was no subtlety of rage, no scheming of an infuriated madman—it was the raging of an Italian, boisterous and lacking in craft of design. Miss Abbott sang Micaela and was disappointing in that her voice sounded minute and tentative. The Carmen was Miss Fremstad, who gave an exhibition of her great art as she has on few previous occasions.

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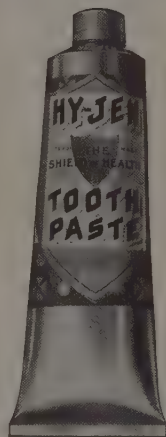
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Writing Vaudeville Sketches

(Continued from page 103)

the last a bit of pathos, just enough to moisten the eye. But the line before curtain fall must raise a laugh. This is imperative to put the audience in good humor with itself and ready for the next number of the programme.

"Vaudeville managers are always solicitous for the effect of a whole performance. They take care no one number is sacrificed to another. No vaudeville manager is producer in the sense of the manager of a legitimate theatre. The applicant for engagement must have his performance in readiness to go on and be off in twenty minutes. Occasionally, a particularly good thing may cover from twenty-five to thirty minutes, but the limit is twenty, and every number of the programme to the playing of the overture is measured as to time. Now these are facts, conditions vaudeville writers of inexperience with the stage, its mechanism, its ethics cannot be expected to know, hence their failure, I think, as a rule, to meet the requirements of managers and performers."

The mail brings from five to twenty-five manuscript sketches a week to Cressy. They come from all parts of the country, and no small number are from writers of reputation.

"There's never been but one that was worth while," he said; "one that was really good and capable of being made playable. It was written by a drug store clerk. Yes, some of the work of our best playwrights has come to me for revision. Their main defect, I find, is wordiness. They don't seem to know how to condense without making the lines choppy."

Smoothness of diction, no awkward break in dialogue, nor halt in action, characterizes a Cressy sketch. That he is a hard, patient worker he modestly admits.

"I never let a sketch go from me until I am absolutely sure of it," he confesses. "I was weeks finding a line to close one of my plays. I have one now I have held from the public two years because I am unable to find a line that will close it with a laugh. What it is that moves an audience to laughter is mystery of mysteries. My audiences are a continuous study to me. What appeals to one falls flat upon another. Once I paid a man ten dollars for a joke that convulsed me with laughter. Enthusiastically I worked it into a sketch, but I had to cut it out. It didn't raise the ghost of a smile. I have put what seemed to me most inane sentiment into the mouth of a character as a 'feeder' to bring out in the next line what I considered a gem of a laugh-maker to have my gem wholly lost and the 'feeder' greeted with uproarious laughter and applause. There's no counting on what will move a vaudeville, or any other audience for that matter, to smiles or tears."

The playwright's cardinal virtue—constructive ability—is markedly Cressy's. He is a practical mechanic. At his beautiful country seat in New Hampshire, where he built a house and summer theatre himself, he has a machine and carpenter shop. There he personally makes and paints his own scenery and properties. He was first in vaudeville to carry scenery. He has a reputation for being able to pack more in less space and at least expense of any one on the road. Before his innovation, vaudevillists accepted any old scenery a theatre offered. The effect on audiences was monotonous and tiresome.

"Scenery properties," said Cressy, "are important items which escape vaudeville writers without stage experience. Both must be as meagre and portable as possible, otherwise the expense of putting on a sketch will eat up the profits. Extra scenery or properties call for extra service, hence extra fees to stage hands and cost in transportation to and from the theatre or depot. There are no breaking of mirrors, dishes or furniture, falling of ceilings or walls in my sketches. Actors who indulge in such noisy plays find a big hole in their salaries, as managers charge up all such breakage and deduct it from the weekly envelope."

It takes Cressy from two days to two months to write a twenty-minute sketch which covers twenty typewritten pages of foolscap. His uniform price is five hundred dollars, one hundred when the order is given, the remainder when the sketch is delivered. All's fish that comes to his net—street and store signs in country places, ads on the "L" bits of conversation overheard on the street, in cafés, everywhere, are jotted down for future use. The six sketches in which he and his wife play the circuits at a weekly salary of \$300 are confined to the life they know best—the ups and downs of the barn-stormers and New England village life where he was born.

"Time for 'make-up,'" interposed Mrs. Cressy. "We never play twice at the same place," smiled Cressy as he made for the dressing-room.
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WRITE LEGIBLY

Hammerstein's Grand Opera

(Continued from page 109)

trical affairs of this city, and he has probably built more theatres than any other man, among them the Harlem Opera House, the Columbia, now Proctor's 125th Street Theatre, the present New York and Criterion theatres, the one-time Koster and Bial's theatre, now demolished, and the Victoria, now under its builder's own management. But in spite of all these interests Mr. Hammerstein has still found time for picturesque bouts with city officials and fellow managers. He once even wrote an opera in twenty-four hours for a wager. He has always been fond of excursions into the field of grand opera, and to a THEATRE MAGAZINE representative thus related his first operatic venture:

"At that time I had my first theatre, the present Harlem Opera House. It was Spring, and I had several weeks' vacant time there. I thought it would be worth while to give Harlem a taste of grand opera, such as was then being given downtown, in the Metropolitan Opera House. With that intention I called upon Edmund Stanton, then director of the Metropolitan. After waiting some time, Mr. Stanton, dapper and immaculate, appeared, and listened to me for a few minutes with ill-disguised impatience. Finally he said: 'Some people think they can come here and take up my time with the most absurd schemes. I should think you would have more sense than to come here and talk such nonsense to me!' So there I was shown the door, and with scant ceremony. This decided me. I *would have* grand opera that Spring in spite of Mr. Stanton.

"I went directly to the Hotel Normandie, where Lilli Lehmann and her husband, Paul Kallisch, were staying, saw them, and explained my plan, which would include the principal members of the company then singing at the Metropolitan, and that the dates of my season would be after the close of the other. In ten minutes I had come to a perfectly satisfactory arrangement with both of them. I found Reichmann at his hotel, and engaged him; Perotti, the tenor, living very economically in a small room in the Belvedere hotel, was most willing to earn the extra money to take back to Italy with him, and in a short time I had a company of ten singers, with Walter Damrosch as conductor, and was rushing over the town to get second-hand scenery and costumes, since there was no time for new, for my season of three weeks' of grand opera. It was a great success. I made a lot of money and my relations with Lilli Lehmann led to a friendship which has continued ever since. We had, besides, more familiar operas, 'Martha,' which had then never been given in the downtown house, and 'L'Etoile du Nord.'

"My next operatic venture was in my second theatre, the Columbia, with Emma Juch, and what was left of the National Opera Company. Then I gave the first performances of 'Cavalleria Rusticana' in this country, in the Lenox Lyceum. Then came my experiences with 'popular-priced opera' in the 34th Street theatre, now torn down. I had an English tenor in that company who was the idol of England, Lely by name. He sang once in 'Carmen,' and the next day I paid him \$3,000 to stop. The season lasted but three weeks, although I gave the novelty, Moszkowski's 'Boabdil.' Even after my experience with the French opera company from New Orleans I was not convinced that New York would not support opera at low prices. When I determined upon my new enterprise I first endeavored to interest the public in opera which should be cheap only in the sense that the highest price asked for seats would be \$2.00, but neither public, press nor singers would hear of it.

"Very well, I said to myself, if they want only the best, and are willing to pay high prices for it, I will give it to them. My prices, therefore, will be practically the same as those of the Metropolitan, and my performances shall be better. I have found no difficulty in securing the support of the public on these terms. But there is one feature in this plan which is, I think, unique in the world. I designed, built, and own the theatre. There is not a cent of indebtedness on it, and I have no partner. I do not, however, intend to play the dictator, and trust I shall be accessible, although I did suggest to my tailor the other day, when I ordered a new suit, that he put no pockets in the breast of my vest, for I may need all the surface possible to display my decorations," and Mr. Hammerstein laughed jovially.

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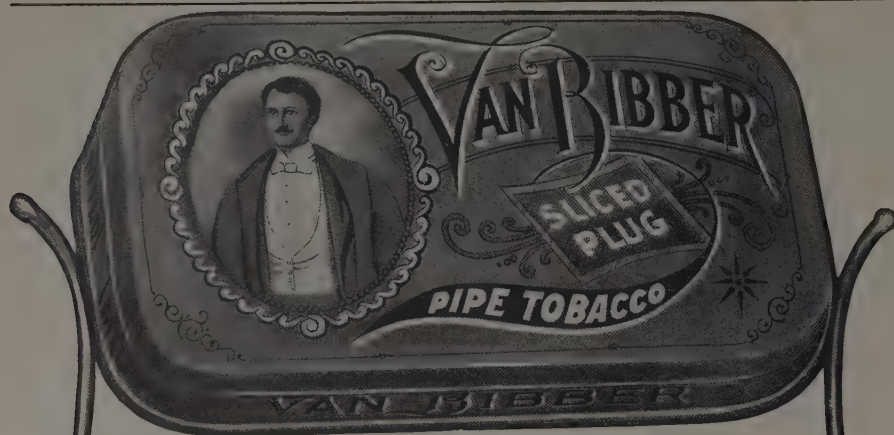
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Insist upon the original.

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My Beginnings

(Continued from page 94)

From Mr. McCullough I learned, or should have learned, the great lesson of strength in repose. From Lawrence Barrett one must have caught something of the necessity of mental alertness. Tomasso Salvini impressed upon one by his example the carrying power of tremendous force. And as strength in repose was the keynote of the McCullough character, and mental alertness that of Lawrence Barrett, Niagara like power of Salvini, so from Mr. Jefferson one gleaned something of the beautiful optimism that was evident even in his work. He liked everybody. Everything was beautiful to him. Life was always sunny and the world a place of peace and joy to Joseph Jefferson.

I returned to New York and was engaged as leading lady of the Empire Theatre Stock Company. I remained with it for four years. That was one of the most happy of my experiences, for I was at home, and had the constant companionship of my mother, who all through my career has been of great assistance to me, most of all by her loving sympathy. My beginnings might then, I suppose, be considered over. After the Empire Stock engagement I starred as Glory Quayle in "The Christian." It was not the first time I had had that opportunity. My father's sense of humor and, I should add, his rare common sense, spared me an earlier experience. When I had been on the stage two years, the late Major J. B. Pond, then a theatrical manager, and afterwards the head of a lecture bureau, came to my father with a proposition to put me out as a star. Father would have none of it.

"I believe in people working up from the bottom," he thundered at our good friend, the Major, and any girlish dreams I had about stardom went out instantly in the gloom of parental prohibition.

I have been fortunate in my home life. Perhaps my beginnings would have been much harder had I not been fortified, whatever disappointments came to me, by the consolation and the unfailing belief in me I have always found at home. My beginnings, except for the fact that no one ever worked harder than I, I cannot honestly say have seemed very hard. But after all perhaps to one who loves her profession, and its work, no hardship seems hard.

Relics of Mrs. Gilbert Sold

The personal efforts of the late Mrs. Gilbert, the actress, were sold on March 8 last, at the Knickerbocker Art Galleries, this city. Among the effects of the veteran actress were costumes, pictures, books and many personal belongings.

Chief among these was the Bible presented by the Ladies' Guild and Missionary Society of the church to which Mrs. Gilbert belonged, on the occasion of the actress's eighty-third birthday in 1904. The actress carried this Bible with her when she went on her last tour. There was a telegram from Joseph Jefferson, sent in 1902, on her eighty-first birthday, extolling the veteran actress's character and her influence on the stage. Equally personal was a card from Lady Jeune in London inviting Mrs. Gilbert to meet the Duke and Duchess of Teck.

There was also the typewritten copy of her part in "Granny." This is the play in which she was acting at the time of her death in Chicago, and the part is the last she ever learned.

The collection of programmes included some of the Fifth Avenue Theatre under the management of Augustin Daly and others of the company in 1875 when it was acting in Platt Hall.

The costumes on view covered almost every period of the actress's career. There was a perfectly plain black silk skirt which tradition and the auctioneer say she made with her own hands in 1838 and never failed to wear at every first night afterward, so confident was she that it brought her luck.

The articles did not fetch very high prices. Two umbrellas, one said to have been used by her forty-three years ago, brought \$2.25 each. A silver-headed cane, the property of Mr. Gilbert, brought \$4.25.

"Lucille," by Owen Meredith, was the most interesting of the books sold. It was a large copy with colored illustrations, bearing the inscription: "For Nan Hartley on her seventy-eighth anniversary, or is it her seventeenth? from Augustin Daly." Five small volumes by William Winter presented to Mrs. Gilbert by the author, brought \$3.25, and a copy of "The Taming of the Shrew," in pamphlet form, bearing the inscription, "To Mrs. G. H. Gilbert with the compliments of Augustin Daly," brought \$2.75.

A number of photographs of actors and actresses, friends of Mrs. Gilbert, and their autographs, fetched from 50 cents up.

Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

B. B.—Q.—When did Edna May's London engagement begin? A.—Latter part of last month (March) title of the play is "The Belle of Mayfair." Q.—Will she come back to New York next winter? A.—No, she will not. Q.—In what plays has she appeared? A.—"The Belle of New York," "The Girl From Up There," "The Schoolgirl," "The Catch of the Season," etc. Her greatest success was as the Salvation Army Lass in the first play.

H. W. B. and H. F. F.—Q.—Where can we procure a good picture of Georgia Caine? A.—Write to Meyer Bros & Co., 26 West 33d Street, this city. Q.—Will you have an interview with her? A.—We may.

G. S., St. Paul.—Q.—Is Fay Davis still playing in "Man and Superman"? A.—No, she is now appearing in "The Duel." See note at head of column concerning your other questions, and consult routes which are published in the weekly theatrical papers.

M. S. C. K., Passaic, N. J.—Q.—Is Denman Thompson still playing in the Old Homestead? A.—He began the season with the play, but retired some time ago, for a rest. Q.—Who starred in "Cleopatra" and in "The Three Musketeers" eight or ten years ago? A.—In the former Sarah Bernhardt, Fanny Davenport and Blanche Walsh, in the latter James O'Neill, young Salvini, and Paul Gilmore. Q.—Where is the best place to secure theatrical relics of the stage? A.—In the article on Irving's collection, which appeared in this magazine for February, you will see that Irving secured many of his valuable relics by visiting sales from time to time. Opportunities for securing such were the sales recently of Mrs. Gilbert's effects and A. M. Palmer's books. Other opportunities offer from time to time, especially when an actor or manager dies, and his estate, as often happens, is sold at auction. Failing these, you might advertise.

Theatre Friend, Boston.—Q.—Will you publish scenes from William Gillette's "Clarice"? A.—Most probably. Q.—If one writes a play which is considered good by one's friends and literary acquaintances, how can one set about having it produced by a good company? A.—If you succeed in persuading a first class manager that your play is really good, you will of course have no further trouble in getting it produced. To do this, granted the merit of the play, requires patience and persistence. There are play agencies to whom you can submit it, and if they pronounce favorably upon it they will try to place it for you. If you have enough money to engage a company and give a special performance, this is another way.

M., Farmington, Mass.—Q.—When did you interview Miss Maxine Elliott? A.—See November, 1903, number. Q.—When is Forbes Robertson coming to America? A.—Next season.

Constant Reader, Los Angeles, Cal.—Q.—Where is Miss Elsie Janis? A.—She opened in "The Vanderbilt Cup" at the Broadway Theatre, this city, in January.

Miss Worthington, San Francisco.—Photos of Ethel Barrymore, Maxine Elliott and Margaret Anglin may be obtained from Meyer Bros., & Co., 26 West 33d Street, this city. Possibly if mailed to the ladies with an enclosed stamp they would autograph them, but all actresses are pestered with applications for autographs. Autographed photos of prominent actors and actresses can often be obtained at the annual bazaar of the Professional Woman's League held in this city. Q.—Have you interviewed Ethel Barrymore and Maxine Elliott? A.—See our issues for November, 1902, and 1903.

W. N. E., Brooklyn.—Q.—Have you published Miss Paula Edwards' picture? A.—See July, 1903, issue.

Lily of the Valley.—Q.—Where is William Farnum playing? A.—In "The Prince of India." Q.—Will you publish a picture of Walker Whiteside? A.—One appeared in our January, 1906, number.

O. P. L., Washington.—Q.—Have you published scenes from Ethel Barrymore's new play? A.—See February number, 1906. Q.—What does Kyrle Bellew intend to play after "Raffles"? A.—"The Right of Way," adapted from Gilbert Parker's novel of that name. Q.—When did you interview Maude Adams, and what is the price of the copy? A.—We have not interviewed her but an article appeared in our September, 1903, number which costs \$1.00.

Brooklyn Reader.—Q.—Can I secure photographs of Sidney Ainsworth in "Arizona," "Ransom's Folly," and "Strongheart," and at what price? A.—Write to Meyer Bros., 26 West 33d Street, where you can probably secure them from 50 cents up.

F. W. F., Jr.—Q.—To whom would one apply for a position as theatrical bookkeeper, and what salary is usually paid? A.—The manager of the company should be applied to. The salary is usually about \$25 a week. Q.—Will you soon have an interview with Robert Lorraine? A.—See the March, 1906, number.

Chas. Vance, Belmont, Washington.—Q.—Have you any photographs of Violet Aubrey, and if so at what price? A.—We have not.

Phyllis Fergus, Chicago, Ill.—In justice to our other correspondents, if for no other reason, we must decline the task you suggest. Were we to answer all your questions we should have no space for other answers. Consult files of dramatic papers and biographies.

Miss Rivers.—Q.—Who wrote "The Woman in the Case"? A.—Clyde Fitch.

Geraldine M., F. R. Smith, W. H. Raida, Miss Estelle Waters, E. R. Duff, and others.—Q.—Have you ever published a picture of Miss Beatrice Morgan? A.—We expect to shortly. Q.—Where can I procure a photograph of her? A.—By writing to Meyer Bros., 26 West 33d Street, this city.

A Reader, Brooklyn.—Q.—Where is "The Genius and the Model" playing? A.—The piece was not a success and closed some time ago. Q.—Where is Amelia Bingham at present? A.—She is with the Proctor 5th Avenue stock company, this city.

Philip McCaughey, Marblehead, Mass.—Q.—Would it be well to send a play to an actor whose individuality one considers suited to the leading part without first getting his permission? A.—It would do no harm. Q.—Please give me some advice as to the best method of getting a play read. A.—Persevere in sending or taking it to actors and managers. Eventually if it is worth attention it will receive it.

Otto Schaefer of 1434 Hutchinson Street, Philadelphia, Pa., will exchange theatre programs.

Erratum.—George Stuart Christie is appearing in the eastern "County Chairman" Company, not in the north-western Co., as recently stated in these columns.



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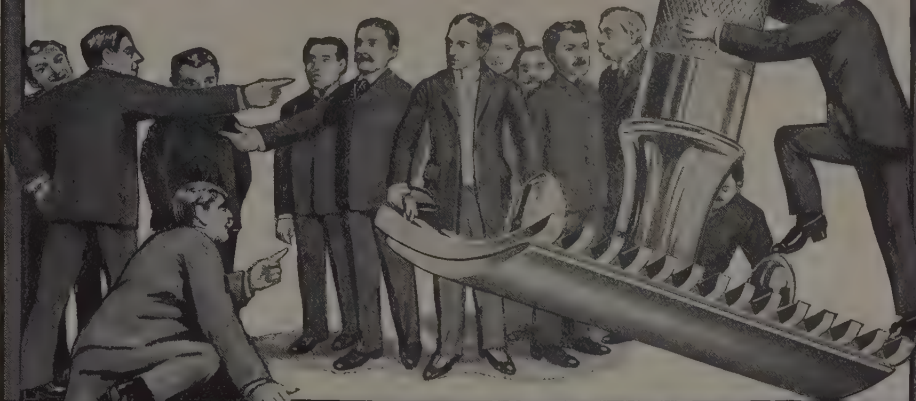
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Lincoln on the Stage

(Continued from page 92.)

tizing and acting Washington is to have him appear for a moment in the limelight, clad as if in regimental ceremonies, and then retire to his grave. Such a capable actor as Joseph Holland, in a recent play in which Washington figured, seemed to be in constant fear that the august spirit under whose control he was might forget his dignity and sneeze. In fact, the stage Washington is incapable of sneezing if he wanted to. That is not in the part as designed by the author. He is not even life-like, for he is a little more than a reproduction of a painting or a statue, as rigid of face as the one and as stiff in pose as the other. He does not dare to be a human being, this distinguished Spirit.

In the case of Lincoln it is possible that Mr. Benjamin Chapin has achieved the human for the President nearest the hearts of multitudes the world over. There was no pose about Lincoln. The range of his character cannot be compressed into picture or statue. His private virtues were as many and various as his public. He is thus peculiarly adapted to stage representation, if the dramatist faithfully regards his simplicity, humor and sentiment, and his character, which was all human, and avoids the theatrical. This seems to have been successfully done by Mr. Chapin, who has been enacting the character in sketches for a number of years in Lyceum entertainments. He had taken care to make these monologues compact with the authenticated utterances of Lincoln, and the play has been elaborated from these tried and approved sketches. It has been a labor of love for years, and the result is said to be a human, dramatic figure of Lincoln at the White House. Necessarily the author has had to provide a consistent story in order to give structure to a play in which so much of the real and historical Lincoln takes so great and dominating a part. Should this play prove to become universally popular, it is an achievement. Naturally, there are certain figures that could not be omitted from such a drama—Mrs. Lincoln, Tad, Stanton, General Hooker and Edwards, the door keeper, who had served under so many administrations. The fictitious characters, necessary for the story, are also essentially historic. It is not too soon to see Lincoln on the stage. Now is the time when the details can best be verified and when tradition in the acting, so important to the permanence of the drama, can be formed and made to serve future times.

How German Authors Work

A Berlin newspaper has been writing to well-known German authors asking in what manner they work. The most noted of all these, Hauptmann, Sudermann and Wildenbruch, answer thus: Hauptmann has for many years been accustomed to dictate his plays. In this manner he can work with extraordinary rapidity; thus, "Elga" was written in two days and a half; "The Beaver Skin" in eight or ten days; "Der Kollege Crampton" in a week and a half. He never works in the evening, and not even every day, "because"—as he himself says—"if I dictated regularly every day for several hours in the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year I should produce at least fifty volumes, and who would read them?"

Sudermann also works exclusively in the daytime, usually for about three hours in the morning and a couple of hours in the afternoon, but, contrary to Hauptmann, writes everything for himself, and often more than once. He has never succeeded in accustoming himself to dictate, because, when dictating, unexpected "beauties of speech," of which he is afraid, come to his lips. He never works at two things at the same time; although he sometimes interrupts one work to turn to another. He works much more slowly than Hauptmann. "Stone upon Stones" required four months of work, "The Flowery Bark" a year and three months. This, his latest drama, was written partly during his stay in Ceylon, and partly while at his villa in Meran, in the Austrian Tyrol, but his manner of work is not influenced, whether he is in his study in Charlottenburg, on his estate of Blankensee, or anywhere else. At Blankensee he spends much time walking in the woods and near the lake.

Wildenbruch always writes only in the morning, and "advises all poets to do the same." Work in the evening is harmful. He has never been able to accustom himself to dictate, because "in dictating one loses one's finesse of perception." He believes that Goethe commenced to decline as a poet from the moment in which he began dictating, and greatly prefers the works which the young Goethe wrote himself to those that the old Goethe dictated.

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The Current Plays

(Continued from page 87.)

son and the naive gaucherie of "Happy" Thurston as enacted by Arthur Shaw and William Rosell were gems in their way; while Theodore Friebeus gave a convincing touch to the man who would betray his Alma Mater. Kate Lester made a dominating dowager and Marion Thorne was played with excellent discretion by Catherine Calhoun. Ethel Martin showed to advantage in a comedy rôle, but the heroine, as played by Laura Hope Crews, was sadly marred by affectation. Old John, the Orangeman, especially brought on from Cambridge to impart true local color, presented a pathetic sight. "Brown of Harvard" will greatly please the younger set, nor will it other than give pleasure to those of older growth.

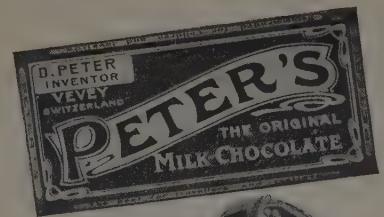
MANHATTAN. "THE TRIANGLE." Play in four acts by Rupert Hughes. Produced Feb. 26, with this cast:

Harry Forbes, William Morris; "Willie" Enslee, Ferdinand Gottschalk; Hon. Joseph Tait, William Bramwell; Sidney Thorne, Guy Coombs; Crofts, Colin Campbell; The Caddy, Victor Herman; Persis Van Deyn, Charlotte Walker; Mrs. Holt, Mrs. Goldfinch; Alice Holt, Consuelo Bailey; Winifred Baddeley, May Isabel Fisk.

This piece proved a disappointment and was wisely withdrawn after a week's run, to be rewritten by the author. We hope Mr. Hughes will not be turned from his purpose to remodel his comedy. It is certainly worth while, and, if the faults that were immediately responsible for its failure are eradicated, it should yet make an effective and successful play. The theme is a vital one in American life—the sale of a girl by herself to a man she does not love for the sake of money and rank. This traffic in flesh and gold is of everyday occurrence in our American life, and is tacitly encouraged by ambitious mothers and doting fathers who would throw up their hands in horror if asked where lay the difference between a daughter who weds for money and the outcast who barter her body for the same necessity?

A girl who moves in New York's smart set is courted by a young army officer whose only fault is that he is poor. The girl, for this reason, will have none of him—although ready enough to hug him secretly, and this after she has announced her engagement to a ridiculous but wealthy nobleman. The army officer goes on to his army post and the girl becomes "my lady." But her married life soon palls upon her, and, when in Paris she runs across her old flame, she is quite ready to resume their friendship. The scandalmongers hint at even more intimate relations, and this gossip reaches the ears of her "silly ass" husband, who comes home and finds the officer and his wife together. He toys with a pistol in threatening manner, but is easily disarmed by the military man, who goes away "forever." On his departure the couple go into dinner, self-contained before the servants, and during the courses the irate husband suddenly loses control of himself. The butler is sent to the cellar for champagne, and during his absence he stabs his horrified wife with a carving knife. She dies, after telling the servants that she and her husband had quarreled and that she had killed herself. This last scene is very strong and was admirably played by Ferdinand Gottschalk as the degenerate husband and Charlotte Walker as the erring wife. Mr. Gottschalk has done nothing better. It came, however, too late to save the play, the earlier acts being tame and tedious by comparison. The first act promised well, but the second, purporting to show a reception at the American Embassy in Paris, was astonishingly weak and crude. The imagination of the audience was taxed beyond measure, and some of the characters were impossible. One, a sort of modern Santa Claus, a loquacious busybody, made people rich over night for no reason that could be discovered; and there was a tiresome ingenue with a silly giggle that got on everyone's nerves. With these useless parasites surgically removed, and the main proposition presented throughout with the skill and force that marked the writing of his last act, Mr. Hughes will have a valuable piece of theatrical property.

"Maskerade," the latest work of the German dramatist, Ludwig Fulda, which was recently produced in German at the Irving Place Theatre, New York, is distinctly a play to make one think. It is a play with a purpose or moral, and it is highly dramatic. As a dramatist, Herr Fulda has from the start shown himself a critic of present-day conditions, which in Germany are no more delectable than in other parts of the world; in his present effort he has chosen as his target the vulnerable world of high officialdom and bureaucracy, with its worship of title and position, its sycophancy toward those above and its ruthlessness toward those below. "Nothing



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really matters but appearances—hence, wear a mask in your intercourse with the world, and above all, don't get found out." The chief medium for the exposition of this thesis is a young girl, the illegitimate daughter of a highly-placed representative of the class under discussion, whose father makes a belated effort to reinstate her in her rights as the bearer of his name, and who is thereby brought into highly interesting dramatic relationship with the sycophantic father of her lover, now selected as her prospective husband. This subject, strong in dramatic possibilities, is developed with admirable skill by Herr Fulda, who has infused the whole with a touch of satiric humor, charming in its spontaneity, at least to those familiar with this class of society. To others the characters doubtless seem overdone, if not directly unnatural. Unfortunately one or more of the early scenes, interesting in their essence and necessary to the exposition of the story, have been drawn out by the author to unconscionable length, with the result that a sense of weariness clings to the spectator long after the story has regained the current of free dramatic action. In the character of Schellhorn, the sycophantic "climber" of the play whose efforts to advance himself and family lead to disastrous results, Herr Fulda has created a highly amusing type of contemporary German life, which was inimitably interpreted by Hermann Rudolph. As Ellen von Tonnin, the dashing aristocratic widow against whom an unfounded scandal has been set into motion, Marie Reichenhofer was at her best, which is high praise. In fact, seldom have the actors of this theatre been seen to greater advantage. Harry Walden, as the vacillating, mercenary lover, was excellent, as usual; while Otto Otthert and Hedwig von Ostermann, in the parts of father and daughter, respectively, were thoroughly satisfactory.

MAJESTIC. "ABYSSINIA." Book and lyrics by J. A. Shipp and Alex. Rogers. Music by Will Marion Cook and Bert A. Williams. Produced Feb. 19.

The novelty of this production lay in the fact that all concerned in its production, authors as well as performers, are colored people. Will Marion Cook, who wrote the score, is a composer of marked ability, and among his race bears the same relation to music as the late negro poet, Paul Laurence Dunbar, did to literature. With the ability of Bert A. Williams and George W. Walker, the principal colored comedians, the public is already well acquainted. The piece failed to make any considerable impression owing chiefly to the fact that it was a white man's show acted by colored men, whereas to be entirely successful it should have been a colored men's show acted by themselves. The book and lyrics followed too closely the lines of Yankee comic opera to give the added attraction of novelty, and the proceedings in themselves were tame. In the cast, in addition to those already named, were Hattie McIntosh, Ada Overton Walker, Lottie Williams, R. Henry Strange and J. A. Shipp.

Yvette Guilbert more than justified her new European reputation when she reappeared at the Lyceum, this city, at a series of song recitals February 19. The art of this famous French *diseuse* has developed wonderfully since she was last heard here nine years ago. It is more mellow, more mature, less eccentric, and her present entertainment is not only an artistic treat of absolute novelty, but it charms and touches audiences in a way seldom experienced in the theatre. Her songs of the days of the Pompadour and those of the later days of the Crinoline are gems that have long appealed to scholars and collectors, appreciative of their charm and literary value. The art of Mme. Guilbert consists in the infinite skill with which she conveys the sentiment of these songs—both grave and gay—to her auditors. Beyond being costumed in the picturesque gowns of the period, she has nothing to help her in the interpretations, yet the illusion she imparts is perfect. She has but little voice—practically none—yet there is a fine quality in that little, and she knows how to use it admirably. It is on her facial expression and her wealth of suggestive gesture that she most depends. She is acting all the time, displaying both a remarkable imagination and real dramatic power. One feels intuitively what a fine actress is lost to the stage in her, and yet not entirely lost, for Mme. Guilbert announces that she will return to America next season and appear in an English play now being written for her.

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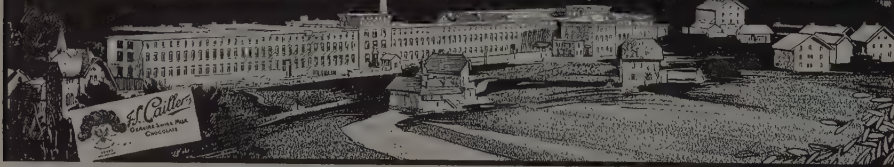
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New Dramatic Books

LETTERS OF HENRIK IBSEN. Translated by John Nilsen Laurvik and Mary Morrison. New York: Fox, Duffield & Co.

That life of Ibsen which is to inform us clearly of his theories, philosophies, views of life and the full purposes of his plays, some of which are now exceedingly occult, has yet to be written; but the most important material or book in this direction is the recent publication of letters written by him to friends and others on occasions covering the period between 1850 and 1900. As absorbingly interesting as these letters are, intimate as they are in their character, revealing as they do much of the man, they do not give explicit explanations of the plays. The incidental discussion or reference is helpful, but not conclusive to the student entirely unfamiliar with certain essential details. The politics and the characteristics of social life and the peculiarities of individual natures in Norway, Sweden and Denmark, must be known to one before he can honestly claim to understand the full significance of the plays. Indubitably, there must have been some rare "rottenness" in Denmark. It is all the more remarkable that, with this loss of power, the Ibsen dramas have so awakened the conscience of the world. That one may intelligently recognize their art, apart from a full understanding of the material that that art shapes, is an entirely different matter. Technically, his art is masterly. It is at once simple and complex, and it is its quality of honesty that first impresses. We have in it the assurance of his personal character. He abhorred conventionalism in life as well as in art. As to his philosophies and theories, there is still much that is obscure. He was something of a socialist, but his theories are all in the air. He was devotedly attached to the idea of the ultimate unity of Norway, Denmark and Sweden, but he did not believe in the State. He accepted monarchy with something more than complacency and its pensions with solicitous persistency. From his political side he is wholly unintelligible to an American. However, he was in no sense an active politician. Practically all his plays were written during a voluntary exile of half his lifetime from his country. Many of his plays were regarded there as deadly and malicious satires. Production was delayed or forbidden, while the discussion of them was indescribably fierce. It is for this reason that one must inevitably believe that the evils at which he strikes must have been inherent in the social fabric, that these evils existed there in a greater degree than elsewhere. The facts remain to be told. The plays at least give one the impression of some great shadow over that dark land. At the same time, while we do not understand the characters of the local circumstances we do recognize the evil side of universal human nature. The individual is revealed with delightful simplicity in the letters. Ibsen is at no time a phraser, but his private correspondence is filled with striking expressions. One feels the fresh breeze of intellectual power and freedom of thought. Of course, there is much concerning his plays, and with a little more light the world will be able to estimate the dramatist's purposes. His splendid power can never be questioned. Ibsen has not established a new technique. The first significance of his dramas is necessarily the material and the philosophy. It is only the hand of a master craftsman that uses the universal technique for dramatic results as distinct from theatrical. In his long life he has had no time for the merely romantic. His purposes have been too serious to admit of purely conventional things. An example of this is to be found in his letter from Munich, February 17, 1889, concerning a proposed alteration of the ending of "A

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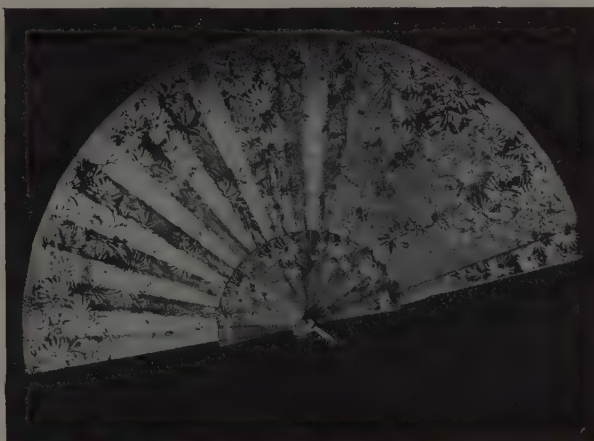
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Doll's House." He wrote: "In order to prevent such a possibility, I sent to him for use in case of absolute necessity a draft of an altered last scene, according to which Nora does not leave the house, but is forcibly led by Helmer to the door of the children's bedroom; a short dialogue takes place, Nora sinks down at the door and the curtain falls. This change I, myself, in the letter to my translator, stigmatize as 'barbaric violence' done to the play. Those who make use of the altered scene do so entirely against my wish. When my works are threatened, I prefer, taught by experience, to commit the act of violence myself, instead of leaving them to be treated and 'adapted' by less careful and less skillful hands." The book is not a solution of everything, but it is helpful and important and is absorbingly interesting.

MAKING UP. By James Young. 100 pages. Illustrated. New York: Crest Trading Co.

This is an almost indispensable book for the young dramatic student, and even the veteran player may learn therein many tricks of the business of facial "make-up" with which he is unfamiliar. The book is the work of Mr. James Young, an actor who has had considerable success in the difficult art of which he writes and the thoroughness with which he handles his interesting subject suggests that it was largely a labor of love. In fact, it took the author and his publishers exactly two years to get the book out.

In his introduction Mr. Young makes this statement, which should bring comfort to those stage aspirants who are ambitious to start on the career, but find that Nature has not endorsed them with the classic cast of face usually deemed necessary for the successful leading man:

"Young actors who are ambitious to play heroic rôles, and whose histrionic abilities lie in this direction, but who feel debarred from ever excelling in these parts because of weak or irregular features, can overcome the difficulty by carefully studying the skillful handling of this valuable article of make-up. With care and experience one can become so expert in its use that a false nose and chin can be built, or warts, wrinkles, etc., can be made which will deceive even a professional at close inspection."

Further on, these valuable hints are given for the benefit of stage beginners who are short in stature:

"We all know the simple method of increasing the height of an individual by the use of high heels. Insoles made of cork, varying from one to two inches thick, may be placed inside of the shoes. If more care is to be devoted to making yourself taller, consult a theatrical shoemaker and have your shoes (street shoes as well as those for costume plays) built up from the inside with a false insole and with an ordinary heel. This removes the appearance of being built up, and, in fact, does not 'give the actor away' like the use of high heels. These shoes must be made with considerable care, and are rather expensive.

"In the event of an actor being late in his arrival at the theatre, and having but a moment to devote to make-up before going on the stage, after attention to a wig or beard, he will devote that moment to his eyes. In making them up there is a general rule to be observed—except in very rare instances—for hard, unblended lines are always injudicious. They should be merged—that is, after a line has been made around the eye the finger should be deftly rubbed over it to soften the effect. A shadow effect under the eye produces a good result. In the ensemble of a person's make-up the teeth also contribute to adornment or disfigurement. There is a preparation of white enamel for whitening darkened teeth which will last through a performance, though it would be well to secure, if possible, some permanent results in this particular."

The book is profusely illustrated with diagrams and half-tone photographs of prominent actors in their most successful characterizations, and there are also contributed articles on the subject of "make-up" by such masters of the art as Louis Mann, Wilton Lackaye, Sam Bernard, David Warfield, and others.

Books Received

THE TRUTH ABOUT TOLNA. Novel by Bertha Runkle. 359 pages, cloth, illustrated. New York: The Century Co.
 THE NONCHALANTE. A musical novel by Stanley Olmsted. 247 pages, cloth. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

CRANFORD. Comedy in 3 acts by Marguerite Merington. 99 pages, cloth, illustrated. New York: Fox, Duffield & Co.

AXEL AND VALBORG. Historical tragedy in 5 acts by Frederick Strang Kolbe. 120 pages, cloth. New York: The Grafton Press.

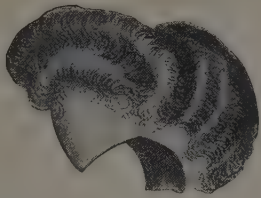
A PREMATURE SOCIALIST. Comedy by Mary Ives Todd. 118 pages, cloth. New York: Broadway Publishing Co.

BOUND AND FREE. Two dramas by Hugh Mann. 80 pages, boards. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

SIR HENRY IRVING—HIS CAREER. By Haldane Macfall. 127 pages, paper, illustrated. London: T. N. Foulis.

PARISIANS OUT OF DOORS. By F. Berkeley Smith. 280 pages, cloth, illustrated. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

"PROPS"—STORIES OF THE STAGE. Compiled by William G. Rose. Illustrated. Cleveland: William G. Rose.



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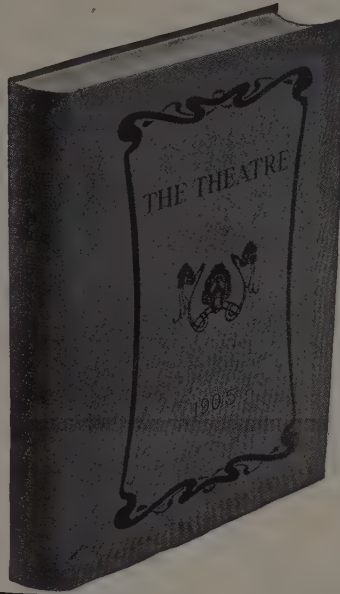
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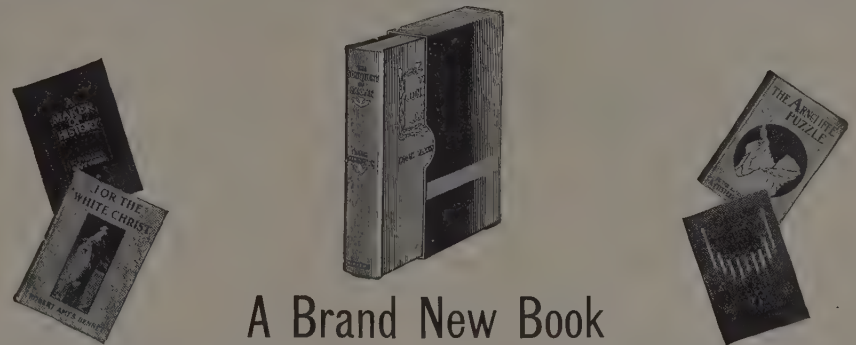
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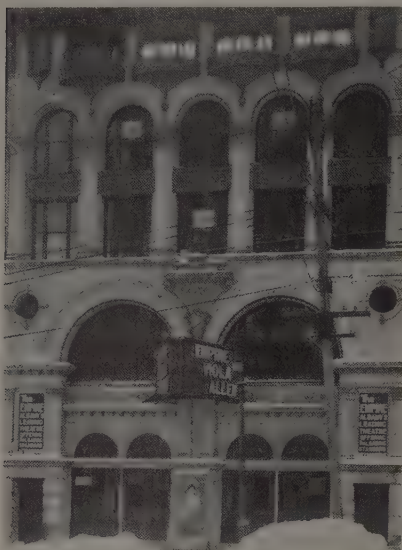
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The Theatre Everywhere

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Albany, N. Y., March 9.—No attraction of the season has proven more enjoyable than William Gillette in "Clarice," which Manager Williams presented at the Empire Feb. 13. The previous night Francis Wilson gave "The Mountain Climber" which pleased this comedian's admirers. Manager Williams again showed enterprise in securing the Hackett-Manning company in "The Walls of Jericho" in its first week out of New York.



Facade of the Empire Theatre, Albany, N. Y.

on Feb. 19. Two packed houses howled delight at "The College Widow" later in the week. "A Message from Mars" and Lawrence D'Orsay in "The Embassy Ball" filled out the week of the 19th. Madame Blauvelt in "The Rose of the Alhambra" on the 2d of March was unable to appear owing to tonsillitis, so Miss Essie Lyons, her understudy, filled her part. A Madcap Princess, Thalia Theatre Players, "The County Chairman" and William Collier are early March attractions. Paula Edwards, and Jeff. D'Angelis in "Fantana" were two high-class attractions which broke the steady stream of melodrama at Harmanus Blecker Hall. Both were enjoyed. Proctor's has had the Red Domino Girl, Richard Golden, and the present week the debut in vaudeville of Fred Walton, the English pantomime artist. W. H. HASKELL.



JOHN R. PIERCE
Manager Bijou Opera House,
Milwaukee, Wis.

23d, and the play pleased everybody. "Raffles" was played well on the 24th. On the 27th Kyrie Bellew played "Raffles" to a very large audience. CHAS. SEIP, JR.

Atlanta, Ga., March 10.—Definite announcement has been made that the Shuberts will have a theatre here next season. The house will be built by a prominent attorney of this city and will be leased to the Shubert-Belasco interests for a number of years. This means that Atlanta will enjoy the privilege of seeing such stars as Mrs. Leslie Carter, Mrs. Fiske, David Warfield, and others. The menu served the patrons of The Grand the past month was of a choice variety. Mme. Calvé charmed a select audience with her delightful voice. "The Heir to the Hoorah" drew well and was enjoyed. "Humpty Dumpty" came for a week and did good business. Droll Richard Carle, in "The Mayor of Tokio," made a decided hit with our public. A great favorite with theatre-goers here is James O'Neil, who appeared in his farewell to "Monte Cristo." "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" packed the theatre and was heartily enjoyed. One of the best offerings of the season was "The Ham Tree," presented by McIntyre and Heath. On account of inclement weather only fair sized audiences witnessed "Don Quixote" with Alice Nielson as the star. The chief attraction of The Bijou was the annual appearance of Atlanta's favorite, dainty Mary Marble, in "Nancy Brown." Plans have been accepted and work will soon begin on the new theatre for Jake Wells. The house is to be modeled after the New Amsterdam Theatre of New York, with a seating capacity of 1,600. D. E. MOOREFIELD.

Beaver Falls, Pa., March 10.—We are at present experiencing the dulllest period of our present theatrical season. We had two or three first class attractions during the past month, and the best one was Robert Mantell as "King Lear." Mr. Mantell is quite a favorite here and always draws large audiences. C. V. DAVIS.

Boston, Mass., March 9.—Richard Mansfield is drawing unusually brilliant audiences to the Colonial, play-

ing for two weeks in a widely varied repertoire. Its chief features are Schiller's "Don Carlos," Moliere's "Misanthrope," and a revival of "The Scarlet Letter." Mrs. Leslie Carter's long-anticipated engagement in "Adrea" is crowding the Tremont. "Mizpah," by Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Luscombe Searle, a poetic drama founded on the Bible story of Esther, is in its fourth week at the Majestic. Unusually fine incidental music and stage settings are its chief features, but the play, it appears, is not a success and the company, according to report, is to close. The Russian players are giving a series of matinees, including among other plays in their repertoire "The Chosen People," "Petty Persecution" and "Zaza." Three return engagements have been greeted with enthusiastic audiences—Eleanor Robson in "Merely Mary Ann," Robert Edson in "Strongheart," and May Irwin in "Mrs. Black is Back." William H. Crane at the Hollis St. for two weeks in his new comedy, "An American Lord," was even more popular than ever. HETTIE GRAY BAKER.

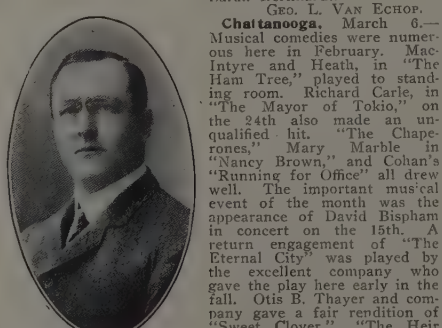
Bridgeport, Conn., March 10.—The season thus far has been one of the best ever known in this city. Francis Wilson seen Feb. 26, at Smith's Theatre in "The Mountain Climber," was one of the recent offerings which gave satisfaction. Blanche Walsh, Feb. 28, in "The Woman in the Case," played to \$300 more, notwithstanding the fact that it was Ash Wednesday, than she did in September, 1904, in "Resurrection." "The Little Gray Lady," Feb. 28, did not do very well from the box office standpoint, but gave excellent satisfaction. David Higgins and Eleanor Montell, in "His Last Dollar," did a very big matinee and evening, March 7. For five years the Rogers Brothers have given this city the go-by, but they appeared here March 12th, in "Rogers Brothers in Ireland." Manager Smith is planning many improvements for his handsome theatre, some of them to be put forward at once. One which is to be placed at once is a handsome canopy at the front entrance, of steel and stained glass. At P.O.'s Theatre good vaudeville bills are the rule, and the business has been very good. There has been but little work done on the proposed new theatre, which when finished is to be known as the Bridgeport Theatre. ROBERT M. SPERRY.

Brunswick, Ga., March 7.—What we have missed in numbers of attractions at The Grand during the month has been made good in quality. We have been fortunate in seeing only first-class productions, all of which were well patronized and pleased our theatre-goers. Sousa came on the first of the month, and was greeted by a packed house. It was the first visit Sousa has ever made here, and to say that our people were charmed with his music would be a mild form of expressing our delight. Following came "The Rajah of Bhong," a boisterous absurdity that seemed to please. Adelaide Thurston in "The Triumph of Betty" was greeted by a representative audience, and added another triumph over the hearts of Brunswickians. James O'Neil as Monte Cristo found a warm welcome. As an elaborate production of decorator's and modiste's art, "The Little Duchess" is a success; Olga Von Hatzfeldt in the title role was very charming. ALBERT C. BANKS, JR.

Buffalo, N. Y., March 8.—The S. R. O. sign was exhibited at each performance when Sarah Bernhardt gave us "La Sorciere," "Camille," and "Le Tosca." "Zirra" with Margaret Anglin, followed, and later we saw Henry E. Dixey, in "The Man on the Box." The manager of the Star, Dr. Cornell, is always looking out for the welfare of his patrons, and he induced Mr. Mansfield to play "Beau Brummel," although the actor was billed to play "Don Carlos." He also gave us "Richard III" and "Scarlet Letter." Sam Bernard and Hattie Williams, in the "Rolling Stone," did a big business. Violent Allyn drew big houses when she presented "The Toast of the Town." Edna May was seen in "The Catch of the Season." ARTHUR J. HEIMLICH.

Cedar Rapids, Ia., March 8.—February was the quietest month of the season at Greene's Opera House. Rose Cecilia Shay pleased a good sized audience in a revival of "Paul Jones." A stock company and Shipp's Indoor Circus occupied two weeks of time, the latter playing to fine patronage. "Miss Bolshie" drew a large house, in spite of its age. On March 7, "Babes in Toyland" played a return engagement to large patronage; Ignacio Martinetti delighted the auditors even more than on his former appearance in the sole sale; Miss Katherine Bell as Jane, and Miss Gene Luneska as Contrary Mary, were received with unusual fervor. Al. G. Field's Minstrels played to a large house last night. The organization has lost none of its drawing power, and popularity here. Manager Collier announces a double performance by Savage's English Grand Opera Company soon. L. H. MITCHELL.

Charlotte, N. C., March 8.—James O'Neil, supported by a strong cast, presented "Monte Cristo" to a capacity house. "Sprangles," the unique comedy, pleased a small house. Miss Adelaide Thurston, a great favorite here, appeared in "The Triumph of Betty," which pleased a representative audience. "The Little Duchess" played to good business. A special train of theatre-goers will leave here on the 10th, for Salisbury, N. C., to see Sarah Bernhardt. GEO. L. VAN ECHOP.



EDW. C. SMITH
Proprietor and Manager
Smith's Theatre,
Bridgeport, Conn.

Chatanooga, March 6.—Musical comedies were numerous here in February. McIntyre and Heath, in "The Ham Tree," played to standing room. Richard Carle, in "The Mayor of Tokio," on the 24th also made an unqualified hit. "The Chaperones," Mary Marble in "Nancy Brown," and a phan's "Running for Office" all drew well. The important musical event of the month was the appearance of David Bispham in concert on the 15th. A return engagement of The Eternal City was played by the excellent company who gave the play here early in the fall. Otis B. Thayer and company gave a fair rendition of "Sweet Clover." "The Heir to the Hoorah" came on Feb. 28th, and pleased everybody. Henry O'Neil, in a splendid production of "Monte Cristo," on March 3. A. F. HARLOW.

Clinton, Iowa, March 10.—There is but one "Sambo Girl"—Eva Tanguay, a comedienne of perpetual motion and "I don't care" style. She was with us on the evening of February 8, and played before a large audience at the Clinton. For two months the local papers and bill boards announced the coming of Jan Kubelik, the famous Bohemian violinist. The concert given by him was one of the greatest musical successes of the season. "The Wizard of Oz" was greeted by the largest audience of the season. Montgomery and Stone, who assume the char-



Interior of Smith's Theatre, Bridgeport, Conn.

acters of the Scarecrow and Tin Man, are the chief funmakers. Grace George, supported by a clever company, presented "The Marriage of William Ashe," which proved one of the best bookings of the season. Other attractions which were presented during the past month are "The Isle of Bong Bong," "Paul Jones," "The Shadow Being the Throne," "Bob White," also two benefit plays, "Alice in Wonderland," by the Order of Eagles, and "Arizona," by the Lyon Football team, at the Clinton and Odeon theatres. L. A. HULLER.

Cleveland, Ohio, March 8.—Richard Mansfield, in repertoire, delighted the largest audience of the season at the Opera House, week of Feb. 11th. "The Shepherd King" played to large houses. Wright Lorrimer and local critics conducted a spirited wordy war all week, on the merits of modern drama. Dustin Farnum, in "The Virginian," drew well. Mrs. Fiske, in "Leah Kleschna," drew S. R. O. houses at the Colonial. Henry Dixey, in "The Man on the Box," was popular. Margaret Anglin, in "Zira," was a notable success. J. A. WATTERSON.



JAMES A. HIGLER
Manager Alhambra Theatre,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Columbus, Ga., March 10.—Last month was an especially good one at Springer's Opera House. Among the attractions were "Little Johnny Jones," "Checkers," and Miss Adelaide Thurston on her annual visit. She is one of the most popular players who come here. She was especially good in "The Triumph of Betty." McIntyre and Heath, the famous "black-face" entertainers, were seen in "The Ham Tree." Miss Ethel Houston was seen as Alan-a-dale, in "Robin Hood." Columbus is the home of Miss Houston, and her family is one of the best in the Empire State of the South. HOMER M. LYNCH.

Columbus, Ohio, March 7.—The greatest treat in things theatrical we have enjoyed for many a month was when Mrs. Fiske played "Leah Kleschna" to two capacity audiences Feb. 23 at the Empire. This is the first time the Empire was thrown open to a travelling company but Columbus people trust it will not be the last. Owing to unfortunate circumstances the Empire has been having a run of hard luck the past few months which culminated in the sale on March 3 to Geo. C. Urin. The stock company which has held the boards here for the past three years will be discontinued March 10 and the theatre closed for the present. Future plans are at this time indefinite but rumor has it that either the Keiths or Shuberts would like to get the house. R. ROSS SHAW.

Des Moines, Iowa, March 10.—The Grand Opera House, managed by William Foster, and used principally for melodramas, was totally destroyed by fire this morning. The loss is estimated at \$60,000, with insurance for \$15,000. The "Homesteaders" company, which opened there yesterday, lost all of its scenery, costumes, etc. The company will proceed to Chicago, where it will disband. The attractions which are billed for the remainder of the season at the Grand will be put on at the Auditorium, which is also managed by Mr. Foster (now in Florida). H. P. WICKHAM.

Erie, Pa., March 7.—On Feb. 23 we had at the Majestic Virginia Drew Trescott, in "When Knighthood Was in Flower." On the 24th, the Pittsburgh Orchestra, Emil Pauger, director, under the auspices of the Erie Club, gave a very fine concert to a full house. On the 25th Al. Field's Minstrels did a good business at both

matinee and evening performance. Mr. Fields is a favorite in Erie. Henrietta Crossman, in "As You Like It," made a very good impression. D. S. HANLEY.

Evansville, Ind., March 10.—At the Grand Pedley and Burch, managers, Mildred Holland, in the "Lily and the Prince," received a hearty welcome by a large house. Sousa and his band gave a S. R. O. house and proved a great hit. Grace George in "The Marriage of William Ashe" drew well, as did "The Wizard of Oz." Southern-Marlowe played to immense business and drew the largest house of the season. Adelaide Thurston in "The Triumph of Betty" pleased. The attractions at the People's, Pedley and Burch, managers, have been fair.

Fall River, Mass., March 9.—The Academy of Music has pleased its patrons with excellent plays during the past month. Francis Wilson, who is a favorite here, played only to a small house in "The Mountain Climber." The vaudeville houses have been giving their usual high-class bills to packed houses. This city has "gone vaudeville crazy." The Burlesque Theatre, which is under the management of Boston people, has cut the price of the matinees ten cents and instead of giving two performances in the afternoon, give but one. The vaudeville houses had a rare treat in listening to the Symphony String Quartette of Boston given under the management of O. Elton Borden.

Fond du Lac, Wis., March 10.—Theatre-goers of Fond Du Lac were favored with exceptionally good attractions this month. The following plays have appeared at the Henry Boyles Theatre to good business: "The Shadow Behind the Throne," Allan Doone in "Kerry Cow," Eva Tanguay in "The Sambo Girl," "The Pink Hussars," the Byrnes in "Eight in Bel-Isle," "Hi Henry's Minstrels," "Quincy Adams Sawyer." The Idea Vaudeville Theatre continues to draw packed houses to every performance.

Goshen, Ind., March 8.—Musical comedies drew the largest audiences at the Jefferson during the last month. "Little Johnny Jones" came with John Cantwell in the title part. The Irwin Opera House has been leased to Ammons and DuBois for vaudeville purposes and will also book regular attractions. This arrangement makes Goshen the smallest city in Indiana having two theatres offering first-class bookings. A new interurban line to be started soon will add 10,000 people to the local theatre-going population.

Grand Rapids, Mich., March 8.—For some reason, the precise nature of which has not been divulged, the "independent" attractions booked to appear in Grand Rapids in the near future have cancelled dates. As really high-class plays are not numerous here the announcement gives sorrow to a great many interested theatre-goers. Among the attractions recently showing at Powers Theatre, Olga Nethersole in "Sappho," and Owen Wister's "Virginian," with Dustin Farnum in the title role, were by far the best. J. FRANK QUINN.

Hartford, Conn., March 9.—Our theatre-goers have been favored with many interesting attractions during the past month. At Parson's Theatre "Way Down East" played for one week to enormous business, the house being sold out at every performance. Benjamin Chapin brought his play "Lincoln" here for its original production Feb. 19. Both play and company scored a success. Francis Wilson followed February 22 in the "Mountain Climber" and pleased two big audiences. David Kessler in "Die Wilde" and May Irwin in "Mrs. Black Is Back" played to good houses. Our former townsman, Clyde Fitch, had two plays here Feb. 27 and March 2 and 3. The first was "The Woman in the Case," with Blanche Walsh, and the second, "Her Great Match," with Maxine Elliott as the star. The Hartford Opera House and Jefferson D'Angels in "Fantana" for two performances to fine business. High class vaudeville has also been presented at this house. WOODWARD BARRETT.

Hamilton, Canada, March 9.—Some excellent attractions have been enjoyed here recently. Macklyn Arkhuckle, in "The County Chairman," drew a very large house, although some found the piece "too Yankeeified" for their taste. Lawrence D'Orsay, in "The Embassy Ball," also did good business. Digby Bell, in "The Education of Mr. Pipp," had two good nights, which showed chiefly that the popularity of the Gibson idea has not waned in this part of the country. There has been an abundance of light musical attractions, good, bad and indifferent, of which the most popular was "The Gingerbread Man." C. W. BELL.

Ithaca, N. Y., March 5.—February has been a month of splendid offerings at the Lyceum Theatre. Francis Wilson, in "The Mountain Climber," delighted a large audience Feb. 8. "The Sultan of Sulu," the 13th, was well received; the real hit of the month being made, however by William Gillette, in "Clarice," Feb. 16. Later attractions were "The Isle of Bong Bong," Feb. 17, "The College Widow," which drew a packed house, Feb. 19; Henrietta Crossman, in "As You Like It," Feb. 23; Viola Allen, in "The Toast of the Town," Feb. 24. WALTER S. MARSLAND.

Jackson, Miss., March 10.—We have seen Creston Clark, as Monsieur Beaucaire, Sousa's Band, "Isle of Spice," "The Maid and the Mummy," "A Trip to Egypt." The nine people in the cast were assisted in their noise making by frequent explosions of dynamite or powder bombs. "The Rajah of Bhong" disbanded March 1, soon after leaving here. C. R. YOUNG.

Jackson, Mich., March 8.—The Athenaeum (H. J. Barker, Mgr.) was filled to capacity on Feb. 8, when Mrs. Fiske played "Leah Kleschna." The play was considered the best offering of the season. Feb. 9 "A Hot Old Time" played to a fair house and delighted the audience. "Little Johnnie Jones" was seen here on the 21st and had a fair house. Feb. 22, Stetson's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" played afternoon and evening to good houses. Dustin Farnum played "The Virginian" the 24th to capacity. On the 26th Hoyt's "A Bunch of Keys" was seen here. "Othello" was given here on the 28th by Wm. Owen.

Lexington, Ky., March 10.—March brought the Glick Stock Company in repertoire—a popular priced attraction of even merit. E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in "The Taming of the Shrew" were here on the 5th. Miss Marlowe suffered from a sprained ankle, which occurred during the recent engagement at Cincinnati, but appeared and acted with the occasional assistance of a chair. Mildred Holland made her first visit to this city on the 8th, with the "Lily and the Prince," elegantly costumed and pleasing in story. J. F. A.

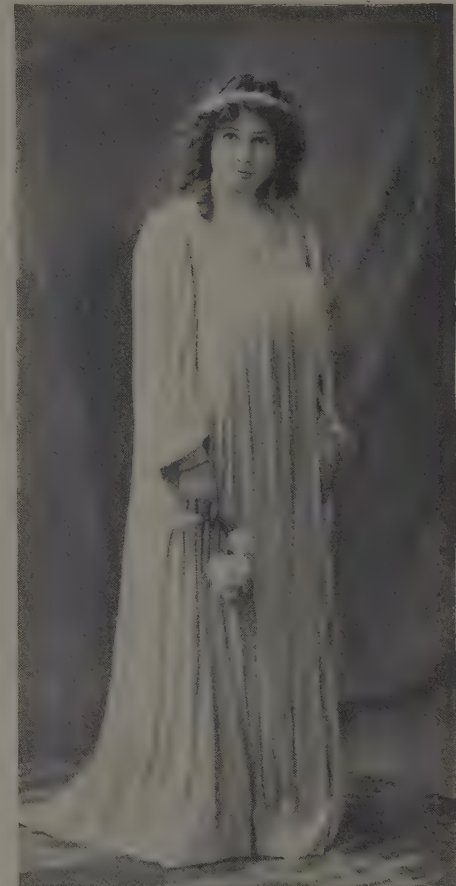
London, Ont., March 8.—The dramatic season to date has been disappointing and local theatre-goers grasp eagerly the few opportunities offered of witnessing really first-class attractions. George Ade's two musical mixtures, "Peggy from Paris," and "The Sultan of Sulu," each paid us a visit at the Grand recently. Of the two, "Peggy" was decidedly the most favored. Wilton Lackaye in "The Pit" and "Tribby" was much appreciated and received many curtain calls in both cases. C. F. ALLEN.

Memphis, Tenn., March 7.—The last few weeks have seen some excellent productions here, and the patronage has been in keeping with the quality of the attractions. Tim Murphy is always popular in Memphis, particularly on account of family connections, and his "A Texas Steer" was largely patronized. "Checkers," too, was well liked. The attendance at "Ben Hur" was so large that it was necessary to add a special matinee

during the week's engagement to accommodate the demand for seats. Ed. F. GOLDSMITH.

Minneapolis, Minn., March 5.—Sweet Kitty Bellairs did surprisingly undeserved business week Feb. 26. In April Mrs. Leslie Carter comes to the Auditorium. It is hoped that she does better business. At the Metropolitan good attractions have done good, poor attractions have suffered. Among the coming good things promised are English grand opera, E. S. Willard, Sothern-Marlowe and Primrose Minstrels. An effort is being made to secure "The Yankee Circus on Mars" at the Auditorium. It is promised at the St. Paul Auditorium. The Lyceum has done well with stock. The Orpheum, Bijou and Unique have done uniformly satisfactory business.

Milwaukee, Wis., March 8.—The Shubert after considerable changes opened with Henry E. Dixey in "The Man on the Box." The Shubert Bros. intend to give Milwaukee theatre-goers a strong line of attractions and the opening week proved very successful. Mr. Dixey was followed by Arnold Daly's company in "You Never Can Tell," which was equally attractive. The patrons of the different houses have had an opportunity to see some of the foremost stars in the theatrical world—Mme.



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Bernhardt in repertoire, Olga Nethersole in "The Labyrinth," Fields in "It Happened in Nordland" and "The College Widow." The Shubert was dark during this week. Rose Cecilia Shay in the opera, "Paul Jones," at the Alhambra was very satisfactory. Miss Dorothy Tennant, leading woman of "The College Widow" company is still confined to the Knowlton Hospital, this city with typhoid fever; her condition has greatly improved but it will be some time before she can return to her company. C. W. HEAFORD.

New Bedford, Mass., March 9.—Business at local playhouses has been excellent. Repertoire companies, playing at popular prices, have occupied the New Bedford Theatre almost continuously since the first of the new year. Ezra Kendall appeared in "The Vinegar Buyer," the 17th, and pleased. Blanche Walsh proved a strong drawing card the 27th. Rev. John Snyder's "As Ye Sow" was presented by a clever company. At the cozy Savoy Theatre, the Buffington Stock Company, headed by J. Frank Burke and Ethel Elder, appear in melodramatic productions. No act is too long nor too expensive for Managers Hathaway and Baylies, and vaudeville becomes more popular from week to week. W. S. MACPHAIL.

New Haven, Conn., March 7.—Some of the offerings which drew well at the Hyperion Theatre last month were: Otis Skinner in "The Duel," Digby Bell in "The Education of Mr. Pipp," Jefferson De Angelis in "Fantana," Tyrone Power in "The Redskin," May Irwin in "Mrs. Black Is Back," Maxine Elliott in "Her Great Match," and Blanche Walsh in "The Woman in the Case." At Poli's new theatre we have had four weeks of good vaudeville, with such well known stars as Virginia Earle Josephine Cohan in "Friday," the 13th, Virginia Black in "A West Point Regulation," and Francis Owens and company. The stock company at the Bijou has presented "Under Two Flags," "When We Were 21" and "Kathleen Mavourneen." A movement started here on account of the trouble some time ago with "Mrs. Warren's Profession" has resulted in a new city ordinance, which calls for a dramatic censor, whose duty it is to see that no objectionable plays get licenses to play here.

Omaha, Neb., March 5.—The star attraction for February was Sarah Bernhardt, Feb. 27. Manager Gillan pronounced the Bernhardt attendance the largest in the history of the Auditorium. "Parsifal," in the form of a drama, was somewhat of a novelty for Omaha theatre-goers, and was patronized liberally. The old favorites, Montgomery and Stone, in "The Wizard of Oz," were received with open arms and purses. Whatever the motive of Thomas Dixon, Jr.'s play "The Clansman" the piece did not succeed in stirring up much discussion here. Grace George in "The Marriage of William Ashe"

captivated Omaha, and was received with enthusiasm Feb. 28. W. C. SWEENEY.

Pueblo, Col., March 5.—Aside from the excellent attractions offered by Florence Roberts, Alberta Gallatin and Paul Gilmore, the short month of February was without interest in the theatrical life of this city. Miss Roberts presented "The Strength of the Weak" to a large and thoroughly appreciative audience on February 6, and, while the story has a tinge of Shawesqueness, it was much appreciated. On February 16, Miss Gallatin gave "Cousin Kate" to a thoroughly pleased and fairly good sized audience. But the real triumph of the month was made by Mr. Gilmore on February 28, when he presented "Captain Debonnaire." SWEENEY.

Portsmouth, Ohio, March 6.—Good companies continue to come our way. The Craddock-Neville company was the best repertoire company visiting us this season, and did the best business for the week. "The Eleventh Hour" played to poor business. "The Darling of the Gods" breaks the house record, and Robert T. Haines and Miss Percy Haswell, in the leading roles, held the largest and most fashionable house. R. McFARLANE.

Philadelphia, Pa., March 10.—Philadelphia play-goers have had plenty of novelties during the current season. The new productions every Monday evening have seldom been less than three and have numbered as many as six. Our play-goers have shown discrimination and poor attractions have not been prosperous. "The Rose of the Alhambra," with Lillian Blauvelt as the star, was a treat from a musical standpoint. The piece is devoid of all slap-stick comedy. William H. Crane in "The American Lord" has returned to his proper character as a comedian. His new farcical comedy is not very robust, but is agreeable and amusing and drew good houses here. Augustus Thomas's comedy, "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," was enjoyed here, and the audiences have been overwhelmingly feminine. "The Rollicking Girl," at the Chestnut Street Opera House, with Sam Bernard, Hattie Williams, Vinie Daly and Willard Simms, was one of the best liked entertainments seen here for some time. "Molly Moonshine," at the Chestnut, with Marie Cahill in the title role, pleased the audience hugely. "Clarice," with William Gillette as the author and star, drew splendid and well pleased audiences at the Broad, in spite of the fact that the professional critics had little to say in its favor. R. H. RUSSELL.

Portland, Ore., March 1.—During the past month this city has been favored with a dramatic menu sufficiently varied to suit the most exacting demands. At the Marquam the Savage English Grand Opera Company sang to enthusiastic houses. "The County Chairman" played to good business. Nance O'Neil played "Magda," "The Fires of St. John," and "Monna Vanna." On the 15-17, Charles B. Hanford gave "The Taming of the Shrew," "Othello," "The Merchant of Venice" and "Ingomar" to good audiences. GEO. E. HIGGINS.

Parsons, Kan., March 7.—At the People's Theatre, S. R. Wells, manager, we saw, Feb. 19, The DeLays, musical artists, Stanley and Aileen, singers and dancers, and Melville and Azelle, comedy duet. These played excellent houses. March 3 Stanley and Aileen, The De Vons, and Lloyd Spencer pleased. March 10, Blair and McNulty, Mlle. Azoro, D. B. Rend, Russell, and St. Clair. Fair performances to light business. F. BERO.

Pittsburg, Pa., March 8.—We have had a rather satisfying month in dramatic values here. The Nixon presented in weekly succession the Sothern-Marlowe company in repertoire, Edna May in "The Catch of the Season," Wilton Lackaye in "The Pit," which did not please locally, and William Gillette in "Clarice." Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern were most received in "The Taming of the Shrew." Mr. Gillette has never been seen here to better advantage than in "Clarice." "The Darling of the Gods," a Belasco offering, with Percy Haswell replacing Blanche Bates, played a very successful engagement.

Reno, Nev., March 1.—The Eva Bartlett Macy Company played at McKissick's Opera House the 12th to a crowded house, and gave satisfaction. "My Wife's Family" was seen on the 18th, and The Bohemian Burlesquers on the 22nd. The week of the Grand Belnotte, vocalist, Wilfred McGrath, king of hand balancers, Morton and Fairfield, comedy sketch, Frank McWade and Raymond Staley, comedians, were seen at the Grand Theatre; business good. WALTER S. FIFIELD.

Rockford, Ill., March 8.—In all the month of February we have but one dramatic performance to look back on with pleasure—Grace George in "The Marriage of William Ashe." Miss George is a great favorite in Rockford, and was greeted by a very large audience. In the musical line we fared better. On Feb. 16 Lew Fields and his splendid company delighted us with "It Happened in Nordland." "The Pink Hussars," direct from their long engagement in Chicago, was disappointing. DWIGHT MANNY.

Rome, Ga., March 10.—J. C. Lewis presented "Si Plunkard" to a fair house, and Sousa's Band delighted a cultured audience. "The Triumph of Betty," with Adelaide Thurston in the leading role, was given a warm reception. "Sweet Clover" was presented to the smallest house of the season. W. L. GAMMILL.

South Norwalk, Conn., March 10.—All the attractions at the Opera House have done well, and our theatre-goers have been well entertained. Bennett & Moulton Opera Company in "Faust" and "Shadowed Lives" was well received. "Hearts Enthroned," "The Street Singer" and "The Fatal Wedding" all came in for generous patronage. The Daniel Ryan Company, on for a week in Shakespearean plays, and the Jeffersons in "The Rivals," played to good houses. F. S. LYON.

Springfield, Mass., March 1.—The latter part of February was not especially replete with good attractions. We had a solid week of "Quincy Adams Sawyer," which played to fairly good audiences at Court Square Theatre. Blanche Walsh received a cordial welcome in "The Woman in the Case." Maxine Elliott also pleased a large and fashionable audience in "Her Great Match." Richard Mansfield favored us with an artistic and thoroughly satisfactory production of "Beau Brummell," appearing before a capacity audience. H. W. ARDREY.

Syracuse, N. Y., March 8.—All the local theatres have been doing A-1 business this season. One of the most popular offerings at the Wieting during the month was Wm. Gillette in "Clarice." Two of George Ade's comedies, "The College Widow" and "Just Out of College," made big hits. James K. Hackett and Mary Mannering in "The Walls of Jericho" played to fashionable audiences, as also did William Collier in his old favorite, "On the Quiet." Henrietta Crossman in "As You Like It" was well received. At the Bastable the production has been of a musical character. EDWARD C. HEISE.

Sioux City, Ia., March 7.—Grace George in "The Marriage of William Ashe" was enthusiastically received here. Paul Gilmore, who is a local favorite, pleased his many admirers as "Captain Debonnaire," in the play of that name. Lewis Morrison pleased two fair sized audiences in "Faust." Lew Fields in "It Happened in Nordland," Lulu Glaser in "Missy Dolly Dollars," Katherine Ostermann and Fred Mace in "Pip, Paff, Pough," were well received. H. INVERSO.

Saginaw, Mich., March 10.—The past month has been an unusually poor one in Saginaw. We have had only a few first-class shows, namely "Little Johnnie Jones,"

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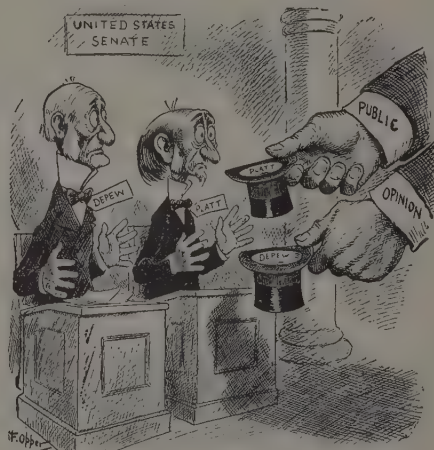
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"The Virginian," the Jeffersons in "The Rivals," and "Babes in Toyland." Capacity houses greeted each of them, and the performances were fully up to the standard. Dustin Farnum made an especially good impression as "The Virginian."

Tacoma, Wash., March 1.—The Henry W. Savage Grand Opera Company presented on Feb. 21 and 22, for the first time in this city, "Faust," Lohengrin" and "Tannhauser." In the hands of these capable artists each of these productions was given in a finished manner. Two of George Ade's successes, "The County Chairman" and "The College Widow," drew capacity houses and were enthusiastically received. Vance O'Neil pleased her many friends in "The Fires of St. John" and "Magda." F. KIRBY HASKELL.

Topeka, Kansas, March 5.—Managers Crawford and Kane have been giving our public some very good offerings at the Grand. The notable events were: "The Clansman," Paul Gilmore in "Captain Debonnaire," Modjeska in "Macbeth," and Kyrie Bellew in the "Amateur Cracksmen." "The Clansman" drew well also. "Paradise" was down on the boards for the 2nd, but did not appear, not being able to get here in time. "Buster Brown" was here for a return engagement but did not do as well as on its former visit. LOUIS H. FRIEDMAN.

Toledo, Ohio, March 8.—The old favorites, "The Prince of Pilsen" and the "Sho-Gun," played to large houses. Jess Dandy still playing the Prince, and Nethersole and her company filled the Valentine with "Carmen" and "Sappho." Hackett and Manning, in "The Walls of Jericho," played to capacity. Dustin Farnum, in "The Virginian," played to good houses. It is stated now on good authority that the Valentine will be a high-class vaudeville house. HARRY S. DRAGO.

Troy, N. Y., March 9.—Trojans have been favored of late with good attractions. Among those seen at Rand's was Viola Allen in "The Toast of the Town," February 12. Miss Allen is very popular here and played to capacity business. We were fortunate in seeing Jas. K. Hackett and Mary Manning in "The Walls of Jericho" on the 17th. "The College Widow" played to excellent business on the 23rd. Lawrence D'Orsay in "The Embassy Ball" played to an appreciative but not large audience. A. P. SIMMONS.

Washington, D. C., March 10.—One more premiere fell to our lot, when Harrison Grey Fiske's adaptation of "Therese Raquin" was presented at a matinee on March 3 by Bertha Kalich, during the run of "Monna Vanna." A large audience heartily applauded Mme. Kalich, H. B. Stanford and Henry Kolker in the principal roles. "The Clansman" is playing week of March 5 to a series of very demonstrative audiences at the Columbia. K. P. CLARKE.

Wheeling, W. Va., March 10.—Wheeling has been greatly favored by the bookings this season. Richard Mansfield, in "Beau Brummel," appealed very strongly to a capacity house Feb. 3. Wright Lorimer, in "The Shepherd King," gave very artistic performances the week of Feb. 5-10, to large business. Olga Nethersole, in "Sappho," to a capacity house Feb. 12. D. W. LILLIBROOK.

Winnipeg, Canada, March 10.—Winnipeg theatre-goers have been fortunate in seeing and hearing some of the best operas and dramas on the road this season. Our season opened with Wilton Lackaye in "The Pit." He was followed by "The Chaparons." Shortly after, Harold Nelson, the Canadian actor, played "Prince Otto" for a week to good business. "The Girl from Kaye" was presented for the first time here this fall and proved a good drawing card. L. MACGACHEN.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., March 10.—The past theatrical month has been a banner one. Among the stars that appeared here were Richard Mansfield, in "Beau Brummel," Edison in "Strongheart," James Hackett and Mary Manning in "Walls of Jericho," Willie Collier in "The Dictator," and Herbert Kelcey and Elsie Shannon in "The Lightning Conductor." S. W. LONG.

Worcester, Mass., March 8.—Both the Park Theatre and Poli's have outdone their previous efforts to please. The Park is now in Keith's circuit. At Poli's Katie Barry is giving good satisfaction. The principal events at the Worcester were Richard Mansfield in "Beau Brummel," Digby Bell in "The Education of Mr. Pipp," Robert Edison in "Strongheart," and Frank Daniels in "Sergeant Brue." F. N. DRURY.

Zanesville, Ohio, March 10.—We've been having a taste of continuous vaudeville, the local management having endeavored to offset the nightly rush for the roller skating rink. Three performances daily with moving pictures drew good crowds and established the fact that popular-priced amusement is wanted here. On April 1 ground will be broken for a new vaudeville theatre. A. H. LEVY.

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A number of persons interested in the drama have recently organized themselves into a society with the avowed purpose of promoting "an intelligent interest in the Drama and kindred arts and a realization of their highest possibilities." The officers are Amelia Bingham, president; Murray Carson, Mrs. Fernandez, Charles Henry Meltzer, Mary Shaw and Walter S. Logan, vice-presidents, and Eden E. Greville, secretary. The Society has already held a number of meetings at the Hotel Astor. On Sunday evening, March 18, the play "The Redskin" was discussed by the members, and at the previous meetings "the critics" furnished the subject for an animated debate. The American Playgoer's Society is a welcome influence in our theatrical life, if its efforts tend to raise the tone and standard of our stage; and that such will be its influence, none who have watched its progress can doubt.

Erratum

By typographical error the captions under the pictures on pages 106 and 107 read, "E. A. Sothern." They should, of course, be "E. H. Sothern."

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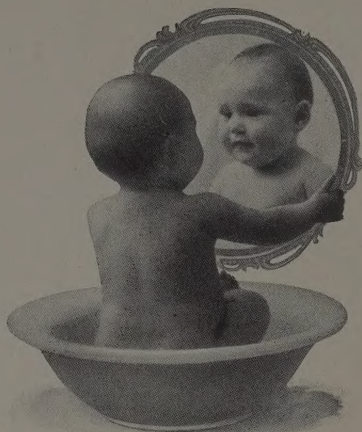
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